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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLI No. 1979 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — DECEMBER 25 1937

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— An open letter from Capt. Eyston

to all motorists, PARTICULARLY THOSE WHOSE CARS ARE "PLUS A LITTLE SOMETHING SOME OTHERS HAVEN'T GOT"

People who take a pride in getting the best out of their cars often ask me which petrol I used for my records at the Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah.

I always point out that my records were of two kinds—the short dash at 312 m.p.h. and the long distance record lasting for 12 hours, at 163 m.p.h. Now, no motorist confines his motoring to short dashes, therefore I always tell people that what matters is the petrol I used for the 12 hours record, which was "BP" Ethyl *exactly as sold from the pump*. The man who owns a car that is "plus a little something some others haven't got" naturally wants to use a petrol that also has this quality. To him, and to all motorists, I say—'use "BP" Ethyl.'

George Eyston

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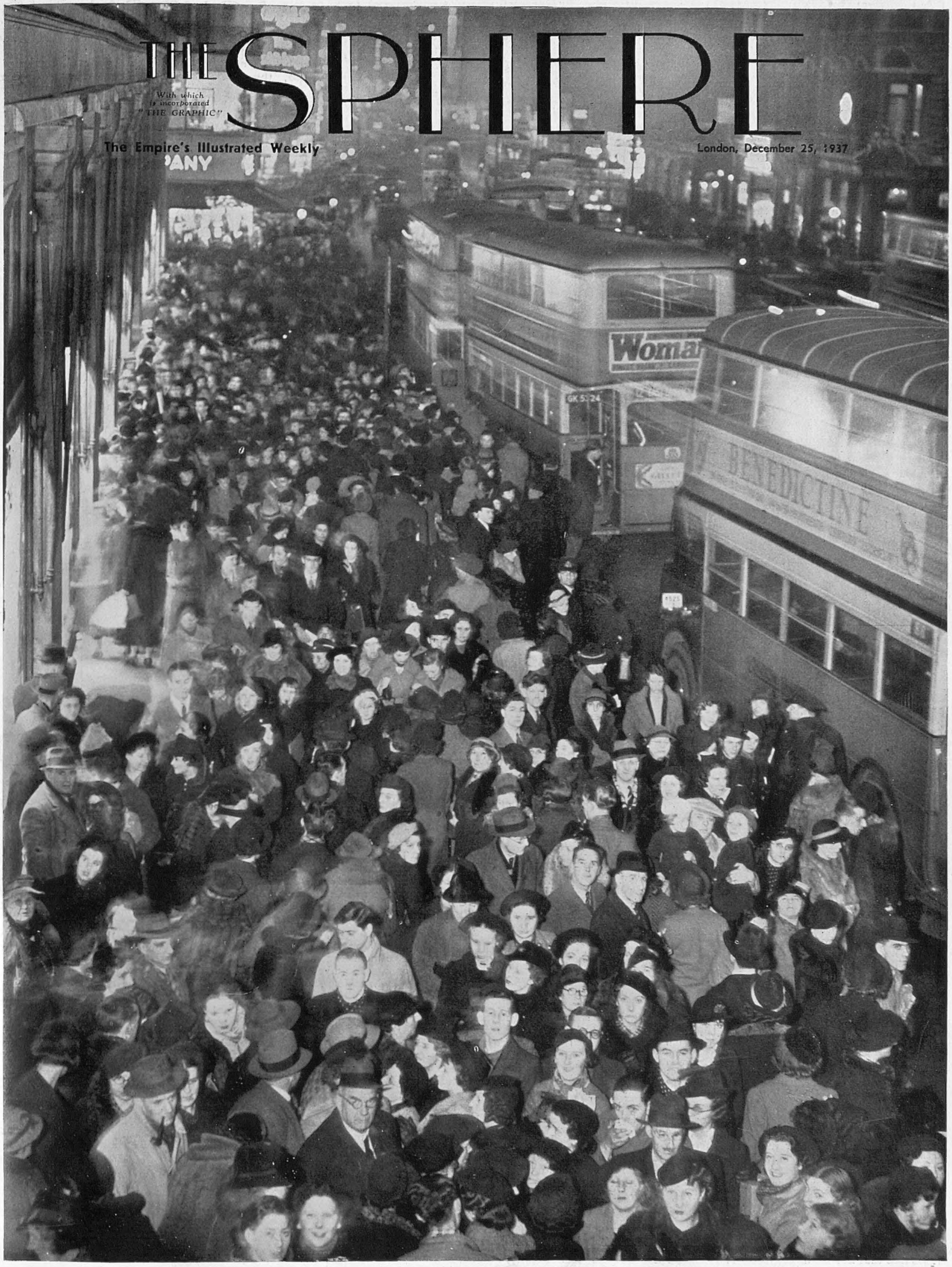
London, December 25, 1937



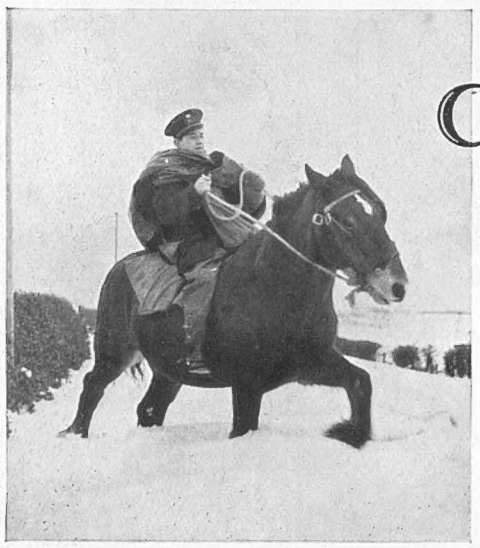
LONDON'S BUSY CHRISTMAS

Oxford Street Thronged by Eager Shoppers on the Eve of the Great Holiday

Last week in the House of Commons the Prime Minister delivered a stern rebuke to the dismal fraternity of pessimists who have been predicting another trade depression just round the corner, and at the same time Christmas has brought with it the most satisfactory confirmation of the chief executive's well-grounded optimism. Indeed it may be said that during the past fortnight members of the British public have had more money in their pockets than ever before, over £500,000,000 being the gigantic sum in cash, withdrawn from banks and post offices, that has been changing hands during an intensely busy shopping period. When the final figures become known it is quite possible that the all-time note circulation record, established last August, will be found to have been eclipsed by a substantial margin, while other causes for satisfaction are to be seen in the Stock Exchange recovery from the November setback, the increased flow of orders between retailer, wholesaler, and producer as a result of the exhaustion of existing stocks, and finally, the announcement regarding the 670,000 more people at work in Britain in 1937. London's stores have never been more thronged, and purchases have shown an encouraging increase in all price grades. *The Sphere* takes this opportunity of wishing its readers a very happy Christmas, confident that with all these auguries for the future a prosperous New Year will surely follow

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

"WHEN HE AROSE HE TOOK THE YOUNG CHILD AND HIS MOTHER BY NIGHT AND DEPARTED INTO EGYPT": This painting, depicting the flight of Mary, Joseph, and the infant Jesus from the wrath of Herod, is the work of a painter of the fifteenth century who was known by the name of the Master of the Scottish Abbey and practised in Vienna. Vienna indeed forms the background of the picture, and this is said to be one of the earliest-known representations, and quite possibly the earliest, of the city in art



DELIVERING THE CHRISTMASTIDE MAILS IN SNOWBOUND LANARKSHIRE: A postman riding a farm horse, with reins of rope and a numnah of sacking instead of a saddle, when making his rounds in the Strathaven district where the roads have been impassable to traffic and drifts have been many feet deep

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, December 22, 1937.

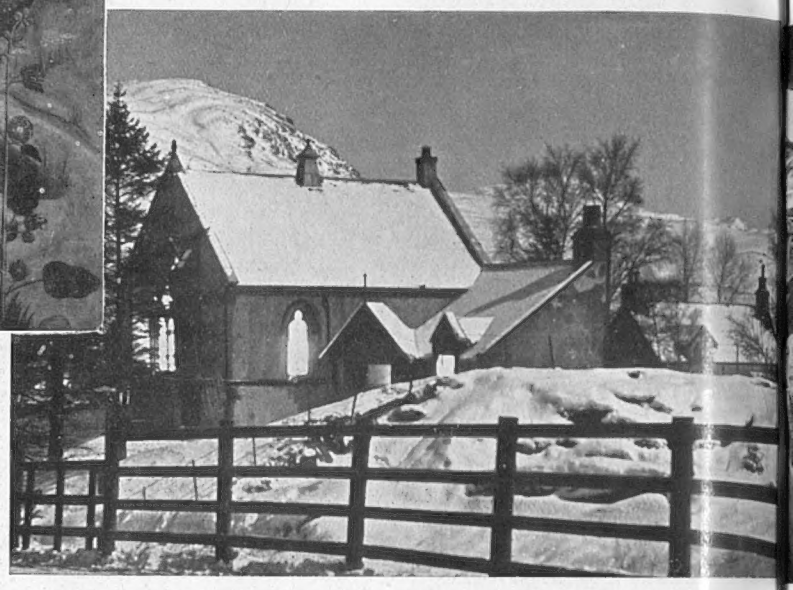
A London News

CHRISTMAS, 1937.—And so to Christmas and its message of hope for peace on earth and closer co-operation between men of good-will of every race. That is the last hope for humanity. It is a hope we dare not abandon even when its realisation seems past praying for. For if we throw it to the dogs we throw with it everything that justifies existence on a plane higher than that of beasts. This Christmas, like the last, will be for many a day of horror and bloodshed, of fear and hatred. The contrasts between the fate and circumstances of one civilised man and another will be sharply accentuated, and for the most strong in faith and optimism the message of Christmas and the hope for humanity implied in it must seem more remote, more hollow, than ever. Year after year (one notes turning back the pages filed away) the year's end has disappointed the ever more diffidently couched hopes of amelioration. Every year labelled as "surely the blackest" has been succeeded by one still more black and sinister. Yet the picture is partial. It is not retreat all along the line. In the smoke of battle the issue is obscure, and gains on the right may compensate for losses in the centre. Our judgments, too, are materially based. The spiritual battle is fought out unseen. It may be that weariness and disillusion and disgust are even now preparing a spiritual revolt which may sweep the world and break down the barriers and burst the chains that enslave humanity. It may be that—

"While the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, by isle and inlet making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main."

That is about all one feels inclined to say this Christmas 1937 in the role of optimist. It is true that Britain has enjoyed in the main a good year economically, that statistics continue to show expanding trade, that the groans of the stockbrokers have not been received with the sympathy they invite, and that official opinion will not countenance talk of an impending slump. The fact remains that every country is like a tree; it must draw its nourishment from the earth, it cannot live long on its own juice, uprooted. The settlement of Europe and the East is the vital need of civilisation, and at the moment there is no common agreement among nations of good-will as to the line along which a path to that end shall be hacked out of the jungle. There is indeed so little hope from man that one can only vaguely transfer what remains of his faith to the miracle of a spiritual reaction in Babel. And so to Christmas with what appetite we may.

GEORGE VI—THE FIRST YEAR.—December 11 was the anniversary of King George's Accession. December 14 was his forty-second birthday. Several journals published interesting appreciations of his great virtues as a constitutional monarch — those already long since revealed, those revealed during the past year, and those which it is clearly recognised will develop with use and increasing confidence to become valuable as an influence in public policy properly exercised, and as an example in social life. The policy and practice of every British sovereign are influenced chiefly by the public opinion of his day; in minor degree by his own character and preferences. Edward VIII would undoubtedly have made of the monarchy a far more democratic institution than it was in his father's day and than it is to-day—in one sense. He would have scrapped a great deal of the traditional form and ceremony, cut down a good deal of the expenses, and dispensed with a privileged circle between throne and common people. He would have made the monarchy something more allied to the office of president of a free republic. A short time has shown that British public opinion is not yet in favour of that and still prefers the nice compromise patented by George V; tradition and ceremonial splendour on an adequately lavish scale, combined with marked simplicity in the private life of the monarch. The King, public opinion demands, must be at once the symbol of a magnificent tradition and of a superbly important Empire and the "father of his people" of every class in the simplicity of his manner of life in private, in the catholicity of his sympathies, in the impartiality of his opinions on questions of politics and of the day. King George VI is still a king in the making. The most difficult technique on earth cannot be acquired in a year or two. Already he has shown unbelievable promise, undreamed-of results. In those results the co-operation and influence of the Queen have been appreciated, though perhaps not fully appreciated. Nothing remains to be revealed of her charm and grace and infinite good-will. Much more will one day be known of her cleverness, quickness, ability, and sound statesmanship. It is not to be supposed that the pattern of monarchy for the present reign is yet established beyond change. It is in the making and will undergo constant modification as public opinion develops and changes. Many Englishmen are Republicans in theory; passionate monarchists only under "ideal" monarchs. I was a passionate monarchist in the reign of George V and I am one to-day, and I am a passionate believer in fluidity of policy for the Throne.



THE CHRISTMAS OF TRADITION: This snow scene, typifying the greeting card idea of how the countryside should appear in the festive season, was taken in moonlight last week just outside the doors of Crianlarich Church, Perthshire

CHANGES TO COME.—Times *have* changed since the reign of George V, and while splendour and respect for ancient and glorious traditions still become the Throne of Britain, the importance of an aristocracy continually declines and the maintenance of class barriers grows ever more undesirable, and may be unconsciously fostered by apparent'y trivial conventions. Many sane Tories and respecters of tradition, for example, hope that gradual modification may take effect in the twice annual and now stereotyped distribution of honours and rewards. There is a patent anomaly these days in the continued creation of hereditary titles, except in so far as it is necessary to maintain at a reasonable size an hereditary second Chamber pending the long delayed decision as to its future composition Monarchy will long survive an aristocracy and will flourish and gain in strength when our Democracy has advanced very much further from the age of privilege than it has to-day. The time is bound to come, and perhaps within a generation, when there will be no "buffer State" between Throne and

THE PRINCESSES GO CHRIST
Highnesses accompanying the

LETTER

common people, when the only surviving class barrier will be between the commonalty and the symbol which is the Monarchy and Royal House. It is for that reason and in that expectation that I hope the policy for the Throne will remain fluid, and that gradually the recommendations made by the Government for the consideration of "the fountain of honour" will be restricted to constitutional necessities, and to sheer and humble merit, equitably apportioned among all callings, in the strict frame-work of democratic ideals and with an anxious eye on the danger of continuing to perpetuate class barriers.

IT'S SUMMER TIME DOWN UNDER: Our Christmas week mail brings us this picture of fashionably-dressed racegoers at Flemington, Melbourne's great race track. Climatic conditions make Christmas in Australia an open-air holiday

S SHOPPING: Their Royal en on a tour of the shops

A CIVILISED NATION.—Wars always have been and always will be (increasingly so) mad and beastly and undisciplined in the passion and heat of their waging. Always there is implicit in them an incalculable barbarism and injustice and brutality transcending the studied frightfulness of those who direct them. In the heat of battle, the fighters are a law unto themselves and acknowledge no law and discipline from higher command or government. The Japanese aggression has few parallels among great wars in the past. For the military authorities from the first had the bit between their teeth, and the Government is merely a passive rider of the hideous steed—in the humiliating position of a runaway rider. Yet its methods are characteristic of Japanese mentality—ruthless, determined, and not in the least deterred by any inconvenient sense of honour, decency, or dignity from achieving its ends. It is quite prepared to grovel in apology and wink again at outrages on civilisation. In the past months it has grovelled to Great Britain alone a dozen times, always with tongue in cheek, and today it is quite prepared to grovel to three great Powers at once, and suffer a policy of barbarism just as far as it dares. There is a certain convenience in being on the border line between civilised and uncivilised. It enables Japan to get the best of two worlds for herself. For civilisation it is an unfortunate fact that there is only one answer to the frightfulness of force, and that answer is—uncivilised.

A NOVEL TO BUY.—Georgette Heyer's *An Infamous Army* is no doubt open to criticism as a novel. Her Beckys and Amelias, whether they are talking Jane Austen or Edwardian racing-set English or a mixture of both, are unconvincing. Indeed they are lay figures to help set off the soldiery. But with the soldiers Miss Heyer is on sure ground, so sure that when it comes to war even her women-folk come alive and act according. In this novel she proves herself the psychological John Fortescue of the army, and she does for the last great battle in the West (which Waterloo indeed was, being the last great world battle fought on the ancient principles of chivalry) what no one has ever succeeded in doing before. She makes it intelligible to a layman, thrilling even to the sated, and splendid in its heroism even in the pacifist's eye. And more than this, she brings out very vividly what the private soldier was called on to endure during the 7½ hours of that fearful battle before Mont St. Jean. Her account of the battle is an epic and will never be improved on. In those circumstances it were ungrateful to criticise her, and I will merely append a footnote with an interrogation mark. Seeing how huge a debt she owes to Mr. Creevey for the material and colour for her picture of Brussels in April, May, and June, 1815; seeing that practically the whole sum of her information is derived from that memorandum which he wrote down at Cantley in 1822, Miss Heyer paid him a just tribute by bringing him (for the first time) into an historical novel. But having decided to do him that honour, she neglected apparently such published material as exists which might have shown her what manner of man he was. "A plump little gentleman of cheerful and inquisitive mien with all the air of an inquisitive gossip-monger." No. That is not a picture of Mr. Creevey. The "plump little gentleman" tipped the scale at 14 st. He was cheerful indeed, but appeared rather sleepy than inquisitive. Untidy and rough-looking, he spoke with deliberation and never appeared to be in search of information. Your gossip-monger is a carpet knight; Mr. Creevey was the very opposite. He was very independent in manner and in character. I will put my shirt on it he never minced or shook a finger or acted coy in all his seventy years of life.

GIRLS OF THE POLISH BALLET resting during a rehearsal at Covent Garden, where last week they made their London debut. They have never before appeared in Western Europe

"ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE."—It is not, I admit, the view of those who publish peerages and books of reference that the nation generally now regards the creation of hereditary titles and the bestowal of honours and awards as undesirable in a modern democracy, and would like to press for such legislation as would be necessary gradually to curtail the practice. On the contrary, in some instances the most intensive sales-publicity campaigns have been based largely and confidently on the appeal to snobbery. In the past year I have received from one firm no fewer than nine offers enclosing a mass of literature, forms, addressed envelopes, etc., to buy on "preferential terms" one of the "few remaining" copies of a Coronation issue, which will instantly reveal my "relative rank of precedence," the glories of my blood and state and so forth. (P.S. As a journalist to-day I fear my relative rank of precedence would not be regarded as high by the Duke of Portland). And no doubt throughout the Empire there is a large percentage of men and women on whom an appeal to snobbery does not fall in vain. And even for others a peerage is an historical work of great interest. For there is considerable romance in our constitutional history, though that part of it with which a "peerage" deals is too intricate to be readily understood by the public. Take for example the "curious freak" of the Earldom of Arundel, "the only surviving peerage still held by tenure" (as opposed to writ or letters patent). I read in a very responsible journal that this earldom (by an act of Charles I) is vested with ownership of Arundel Castle and that if I bought the castle to-morrow, to-morrow I should be Lord Arundel. Alas! for romance. It is not so. The three old baronies by tenure annexed to the ancient earldom of Arundel would not confer this privilege on me by ownership of the castle. I am sorry to blow the gaff on that delightfully romantic notion.

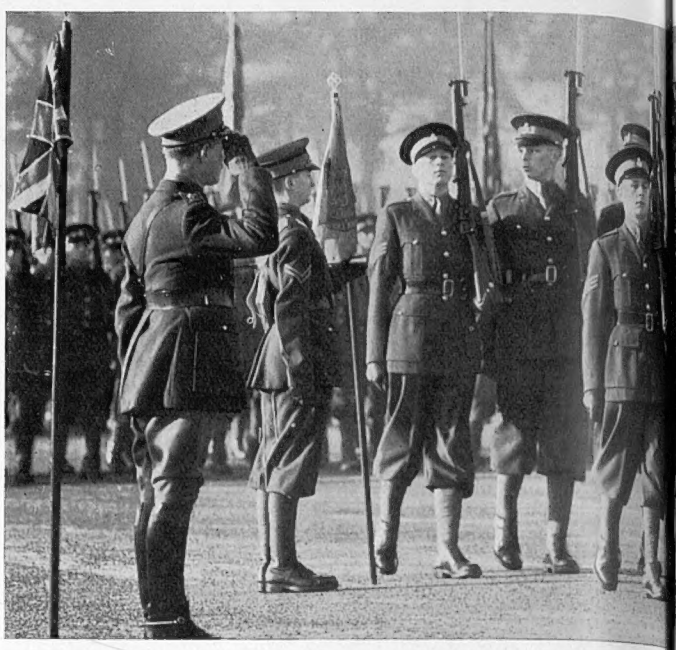
LORD EDWARD GLEICHEN.—"My half-brother, Prince Leiningen, who died in 1856" is often mentioned in Queen Victoria's immortal *Leaves from the Journal*. The Duchess of Kent had a family by her first husband when she married the Duke of Kent and one, a daughter, married Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe. Her son, Prince Victor, married a Miss Seymour and their son was long known as Count Gleichen. But when German titles were abolished, he and his sisters took English rank as younger children of a Marquess and he became known as Lord Edward Gleichen. He was a Guardsman and a serious soldier. He was able and keen and a specialist in languages and intelligence work, and saw service in Egypt, South Africa, and the great war. He was naturally often employed as military attaché and got on with every notable with whom he came in contact, save only with the Kaiser whom he detested and who returned his dislike. He had great personal charm and many devoted friends.

TRIUMPHS OVER TIME AND SPACE.—The Road Fund report is always interesting and seldom cheerful reading. In old days—the bad, old days of my youth which marked no appreciable advance in speed since the time of the Romans—one jogged through the City on a horse-bus (listening to the stimulating reminiscences of the man of the world who held the reins) at six miles an hour. To-day the horseless public vehicle is capable of doing its 40 m.p.h., but its speed is stultified, and it traverses the City rather slower than in the naughty and "poor old" 'nineties. In Fleet Street on Tuesdays and Thursdays (market-day and so forth), as I know to my cost, it is just a little quicker to walk than to drive from the Law Courts to Ludgate Circus. Whose fault? Nobody's and everybody's. Charles II is to blame for not rebuilding with an eye to motor traffic. The Premier and Statesmen of the Edwardian era for not pulling down and rebuilding London when internal combustion blew in. And everybody else, alive or dead, because they would have (and have) objected to any violent act of foresight which laid violent hands on old landmarks to serve new scientific inventions. So far as London is concerned, traffic is still as bandy-legged as in Hadrian's day. Its advances are potential.

THE OLD STAGER

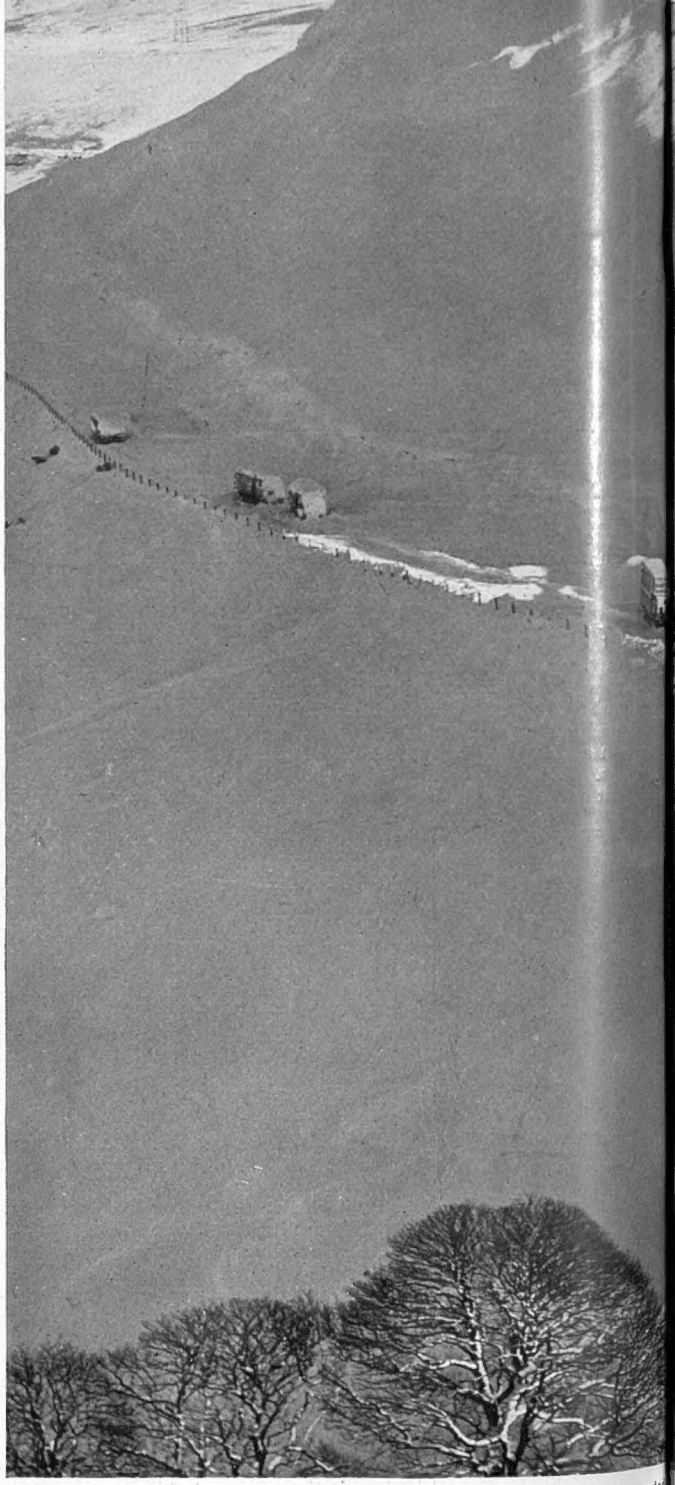
THE WAY OF THE

THE QUEEN PLAYS DARTS: Her Majesty about to make a throw when playing against the King during an informal visit to Slough Social Centre, a club opened on the Slough Trading Estate this year and devoted to social life, recreation, and educational and physical training. The Royal visitors made a lengthy tour of the premises and also watched a relay race in the swimming bath



THE C.I.G.S. AT SANDHURST: General Lord Gort, V.C., who was appointe Chief of the Imperial General Staff in the recent army change taking the salute after holding the end of term inspection at th Royal Military College. Lord Gort presented the sword of hono

TURKEY-TIME: Just a few of the fine birds prepared for the Christmas market at a Hertfordshire poultry farm. The supply has been well up to average, but prices have been high, the best English turkeys at Smithfield realising between 1s. 8d. and 2s. a lb. Those from France have been cheaper

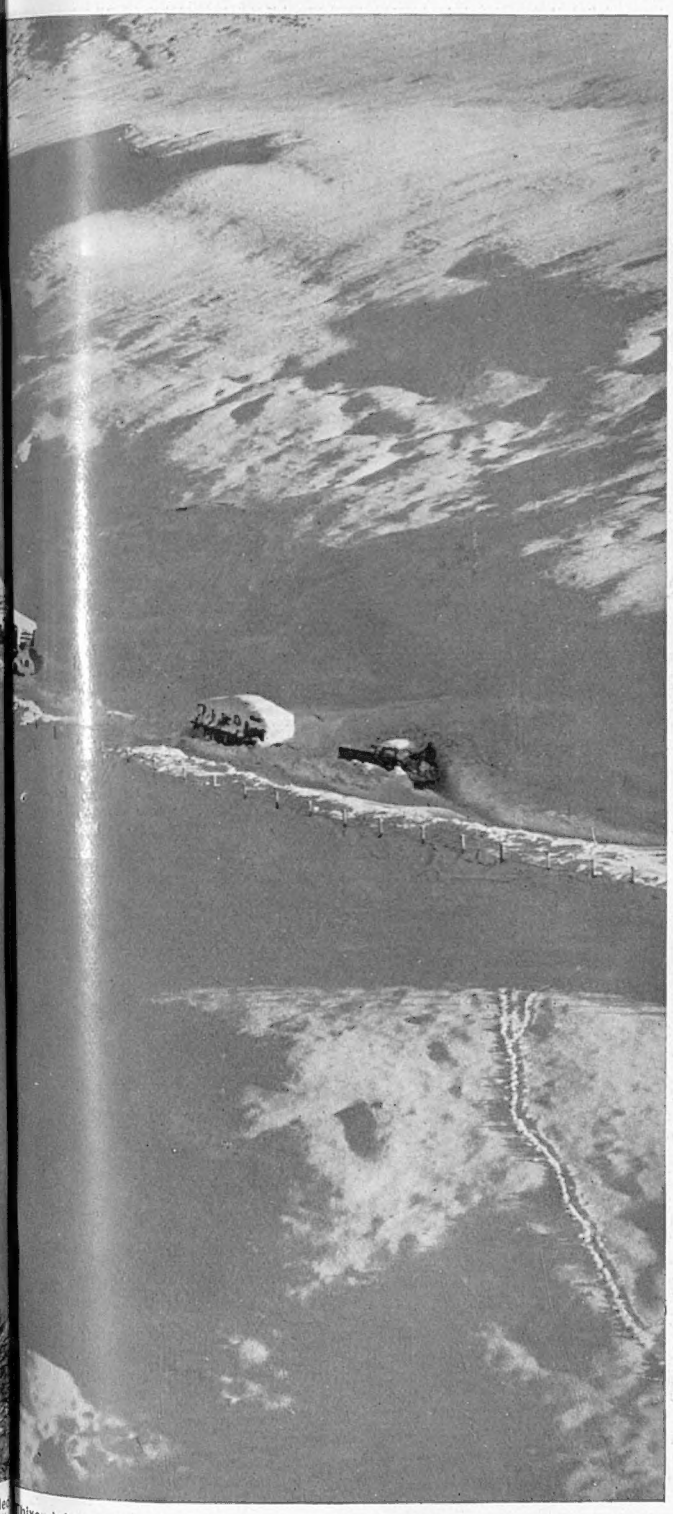


WINTRY WESTMORLAND: Just a few of the vehicles that were strande in the deep snow drifts on Shap Fell and had to be temporari abandoned by their drivers until dug out by relays of rescuers. I many parts of the North of England and Scotland similar condition have prevailed and in the East Riding of Yorkshire the village o

RUSSIA GOES TO THE POLLS: *Top left*—Dictator Stalin about to cast his vote and (*top right*) Maria Vinogradova, a student of the Molotov Industrial Academy, reading her ballot paper, during the recent elections in the U.S.S.R. at which 89,844,271 people (representing over 95 per cent. of the electorate) voted in favour of the official unopposed candidates, while 1,487,582 spoiled their papers, some of them doing so through ignorance and some in order to register hostility towards the regime. The number in the latter category was surprisingly large. *Above*—Tatiana Fiodorova (left), a Communist subway builder, who was elected to the Supreme Council of the Soviet Union

WORLD: A Pictorial Survey of the Week's Headlined News from all Quarters

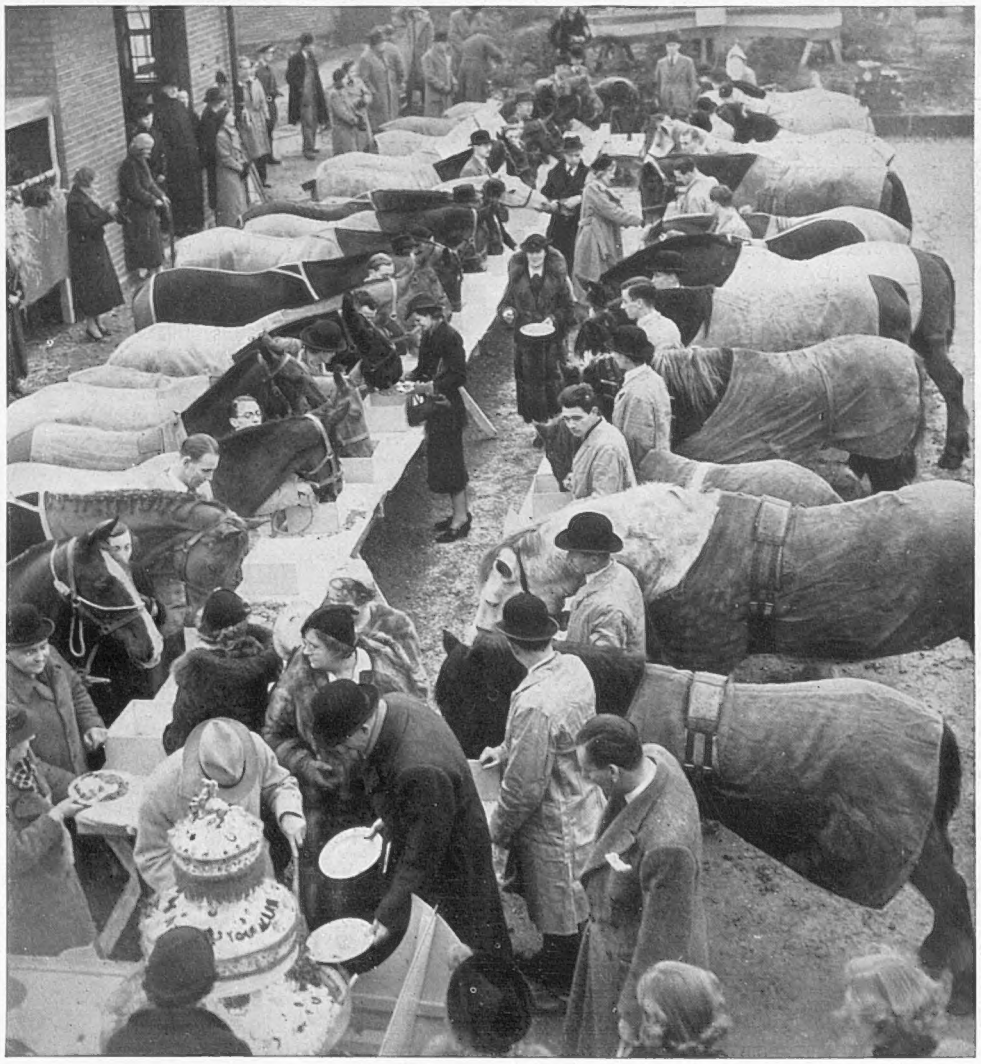
o Senior Under-Officer T. R. Glancy, to whom, as senior under-officer of lo. 3 Company, he also handed the championship cup. He afterwards nspected the various departments of the College and addressed the senior adets in private. Members of the staff of the College were introduced



hixendale has been completely isolated, the position becoming so serious hat the inhabitants were down to their last day's supplies of food and pal. During the week-end Glasgow experienced the worst frost for sixty ears, the only outdoor sports possible being sledging, skating, and ski-ing. other areas of Scotland important football games had to be abandoned

THE INSURGENT TIBER: Water nearing the summit of the arches of a bridge in Rome where the river has caused serious flooding and on Friday of last week was within 2 ins of its 1900 record. No details are available of the damage done or of the cost of the floods to the Government and local authorities, but they must have been serious. The salvage and relief organisations have been most thorough, but the Government has given the matter as little publicity as possible. Foreign correspondents were discouraged from obtaining information, and the Post Office was given instructions to transmit no wireless photographs of the inundation to foreign countries

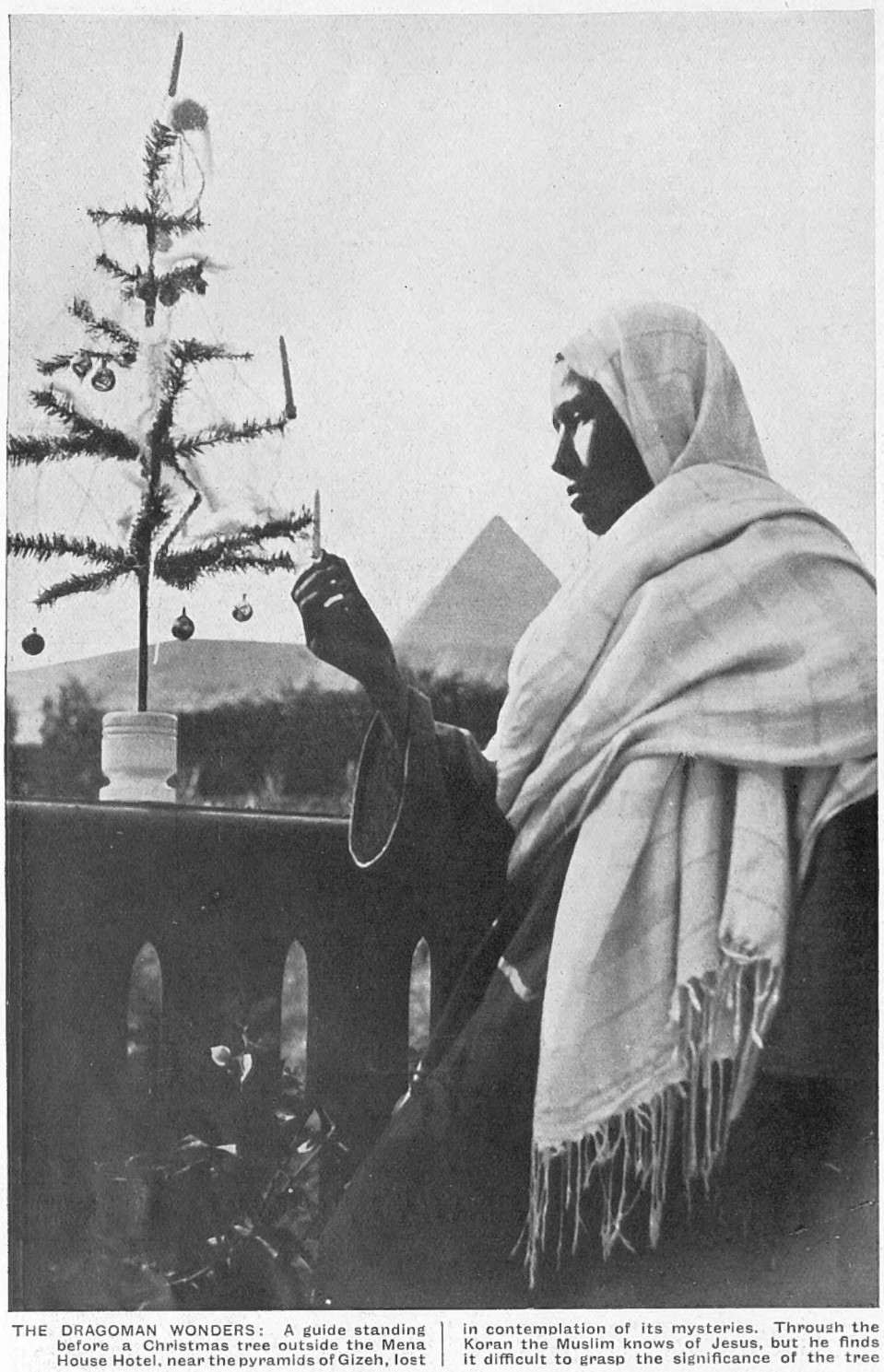
CHRISTMAS RUSH: Stallholders dashing to stake their claims in an effort to get the best positions for trading in the Caledonian Market, where business has been particularly brisk in the past fortnight



FORTY HORSES HAD A CHRISTMAS DINNER on December 17 in the stableyard of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals at Woodford Bridge, near Ilford, and as depicted in the foreground, there was a special cake adorned with carrots. It would appear from the heartiness with which the animals consumed the Christmas fare that all were well on the road to normal health

AT HOME AND ABROAD

Christmas-tide in the Near East : The 2nd Battalion the Grenadiers



THE DRAGOMAN WONDERS: A guide standing before a Christmas tree outside the Mena House Hotel, near the pyramids of Gizeh, lost in contemplation of its mysteries. Through the Koran the Muslim knows of Jesus, but he finds it difficult to grasp the significance of the tree

CHANGING THE GUARD AT THE MIDDLE TOWER when the 2nd Battalion the Grenadier Guards, which had just returned from Egypt, took over guard duty at the Tower of London. The battalion did not reach Waterloo Station until late in the afternoon, but exercised its privilege

THE ROYAL CHILDREN'S PARTY: Matthew, son of Lord Allendale, leaving for Buckingham Palace where with a number of other youngsters he was the guest of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret

GOLD AND WHITE BROCADED COA worn by the four grown-up brid Cunningham, Gillian Shephar St. Clement Danes, Strand, of H.M.S. *Ramillies*, and M bridegroom's ship provided

NO CHRISTMAS DECORATION THIS: A camouflaged armoured car of No. 2 Armoured Car Company of the Royal Air Force guarding the Safed-Acre road in order to prevent armed bands of terrorists from escaping across the northern border of Palestine to the comparative safety of Syria, a rallying point of the disaffected. Conditions in the Holy Land are still very far from satisfactory, but it is felt that the arrival in the country of Sir Charles Tegart, who did such notable work in putting down terrorism in India, will have a pronounced effect

THE POLISH BALLET PLAYERS, who are now making their London debut in the course of their first tour of Western Europe, were received last week at the Polish Embassy by Count Edward Raczynski, the Polish Ambassador. Four noted artistes who were present are pictured above (left to right): Miles Roszkowska, Stanislawska, Glinka, and Biernacka

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IN WINTER'S GRIP: This Post Office telephone repair van sent out last week from Lancaster to repair wires broken in a blizzard in the Lake District became snow-bound on the Kirkstone Pass and had to be temporarily abandoned by its crew. Scotland had an even larger share of snow than the Lake District, and a number of highways were closed to traffic, thus dislocating important inter-urban bus services

CHRISTMAS-CARD WEATHER IN BRITAIN

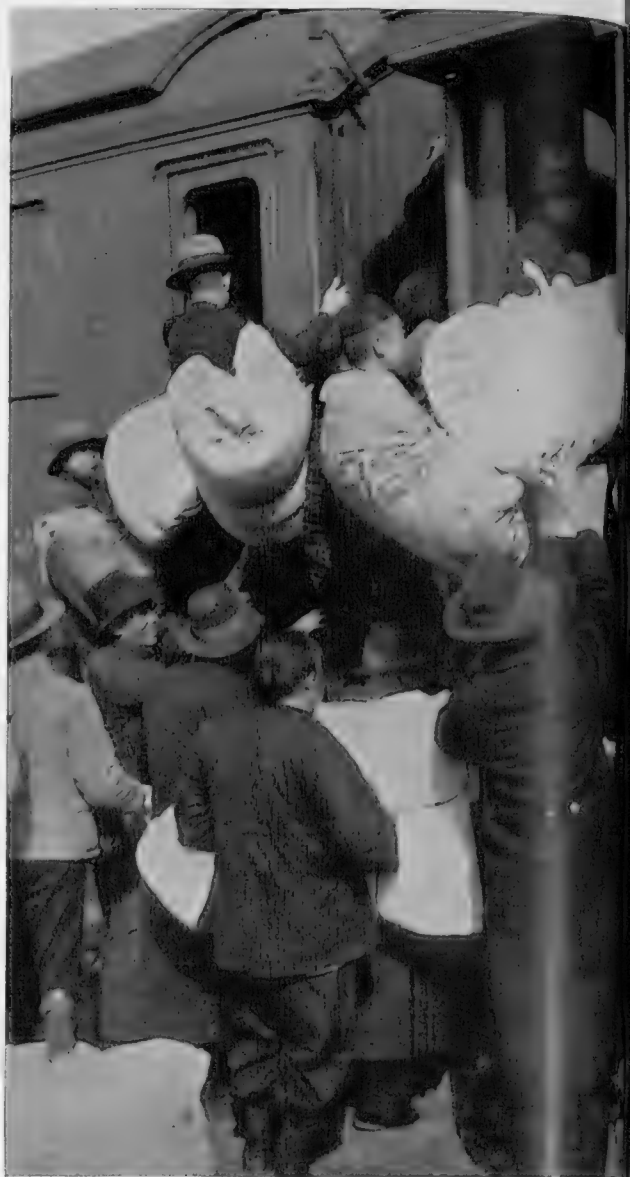
But Many Found it Too Much of a Good Thing

On left—ARCTIC SCOTLAND: Looking down from the higher slopes of Ben Nevis to the snow-clad ranges stretching majestically away to the horizon. A picture typifying recently prevailing conditions north of the Border. The long saddle at the head of the valley in the middle distance is an interesting and curious geological feature of the landscape in this region

WHEN THE LAST

Graphic Pictures Taken During the Evacuation of a

FLIGHT FROM THE YELLOW RIVER: A Chinese mother and her child, pictured at Tsinan railway station where they caught the last train to leave for Tsingtao on the Shantung coast as the Japanese forces advanced southward. *Below*—Two men who were left behind as there was no room in the train



TAKING THEIR CHANCE: *Above* and *on right*—Scenes at Tsinan railway station as Chinese refugees, realising only too well the proximity of the Japanese troops, caught the last train that left the city for the coast. Tsinan is an old silk manufacturing city

SAFETY FIRST: Press photographer Bosshard (many of whose pictures have appeared in "The Sphere"), wearing a Chinese steel helmet and examining an old type rifle, as he was about to start out from Tsinan for the Chinese lines, where he hoped to obtain pictures of the impending clash with the Japanese

TRAIN LEFT TSINAN

Threatened City on the Shantung Front, South of Peiping

standing near the shores of the Yellow River, about two hundred miles south of Peiping. It lay right in the path of the Japanese advance, led by General Han, through Shantung, and the only practicable way of escape open to the inhabitants was eastwards to the sea

—SEEING LIFE: Jack Beldon, the United Press correspondent, who has been following the course of the war in Shansi, where he lost all his belongings, and when this picture was taken was visiting Tsinan in order to report developments there

THEY ELECTED TO STAY: Jack Beldon, the United Press correspondent, who had been roughing it with the Chinese Communist armies in Shansi; "Papa" Schad, the proprietor of the hotel; "Fatti" a Chinese servant; Herr Haesloop, a German merchant, and Walter Bosshard, the well-known photographer, pictured outside the swastika-adorned Hotel Stein at Tsinan. All of them chose to remain in the city when offered seats in the last train to the coast, and there is no doubt that the pressmen members of the party did wisely, for when this picture was taken there was considerable activity on the Shantung front

On right—LAST HOURS IN TSINAN: Captain Frank Dorn, a member of the American Military Attache's office at Peiping; Miss Corinne Bernfeld, a newspaper correspondent; and Mr. Allison, the American Consul in Tsinan, seen just before they left the city. On the day previous, General Han, the Japanese commander in Shantung, had reached the opposite bank of the Yellow River, and it was anticipated that he would immediately proceed to take Tsinan. There was considerable panic among the Chinese inhabitants, who thronged to capacity the last train to the coast

Howard Coster

CARDINAL HINSLEY, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER: The leader of the Roman Catholic Church in England who on December 15, received from the hands of the Pope the cape, crucifix, and biretta symbolising his preferment. He is the first English Cardinal to be appointed since Cardinal Bourne

THE ARCHBISHOP OF LYONS listening to the Vatican Secretary as he delivered final notice of his nomination as Cardinal prior to his installation, with four other churchmen, by Pope Pius XI

NEW CARDINALS APPOINTED

The Archbishop of Westminster Among Those Honoured

RIVER LIFE IN SINGAPORE: Sampans crowding the stream at Britain's great Far Eastern port which has of late strengthened its defences, bidding fair to become a second Gibraltar

THE BALANCE OF POWER IN THE FAR EASTERN WORLD

The Importance of Singapore to Britain's Defences: A Wise Omission from the Washington Treaty

WHEN the polite morning-coated Japanese delegates sat round the conference table in Washington in February, 1922, they paved the way for their country's present operations in the Far East by tying the hands of England and America as tightly as they could.

They did this under Article Nineteen of the Washington Treaty, wherein it was agreed that Britain would not fortify Hong Kong, nor would America add to what slender fortifications she had in Manila, the Philippine Islands. In return Japan promised not to expand on the mainland of Asia and to respect the "territorial sovereignty and administrative integrity of China."

Two years ago Japan denounced the Washington Treaty, but before then she had already broken it by her adventures in Manchuria. But Britain and America unfortunately kept their word; for thirteen years the defences of Hong Kong and Manila lay neglected. Not until December last year were they permitted to add a single land gun to these valuable outposts in the Far East.

To-day as Japan marches on, the little island of Hong Kong lies in the path of war. It is a tall, mountainous island and would lend itself easily to fortification.

Hong Kong is in respect of tonnage entered and cleared one of the largest ports in the world. It is the natural distributing centre for imports into China from abroad. Also it is the most convenient outlet for produce from South China, and may soon be, in fact, the only non-Japanese controlled port in the whole of China.

Farther across the China Sea is its neglected neighbour, America's bulwark in the Far East. It is Manila, in the Philippine Islands. It is 600 miles from Hong Kong and nearly 1,000 miles from Shanghai. The Philippines are a group of 6,000 mostly very small islands, whose sullen-looking, volcanic mountains rise sheer out of the sea like a black cloud on the horizon.

Invaded first by Chinese pirates and later by various European buccaneers, these islands had been a battleground for several hundred years until Spanish civilisation overcame the native Malay and imprinted the first signs of European culture there in the fifteenth century.

It was then Spain developed the present city of Manila on the principal island, Luzun, and built a 16 ft. wide wall round it to repel the invader. A few years later those walls were called upon to withstand a siege when a band of Chinese pirates, 2,000 men and seventy ships, led by a Japanese general attacked the city. They took it, but were later driven off and the stout walls were left in peace until a force of 2,000 Britons with thirteen ships captured the city in 1782.

They remained in occupation only a year; then left it for Spain to rebuild. Admiral Dewey sailed into Manila Bay in 1898 and with his American guns battered the Spanish defences once more, laying the foundations for the United States' first and only colony in the Far East.

But now the Philippines are moving towards complete independence and with Washington's blessing, for they would be difficult to hold against a direct Japanese attack. The fortifications round Manila are old, the guns on the island few, and though there are always warships in the bay, a lightning attack by an invader with modern equipment would be difficult to beat off. The U.S. China squadron, which has its base there, is known in navy circles as "the suicide fleet." And not without reason, for they are 5,000 miles from Hawaii, the nearest U.S. naval base of any importance.

When I was in Manila a few years ago the naval base at Cavite was so tied down by the Washington Treaty that the naval officers had to live in dilapidated old bungalows, because if they built new ones, Japan would regard it as expansion. And that would be an infringement of the Washington Treaty.

But happily there is one area not mentioned at the Washington Conference by the wisdom of British diplomacy. It may soon be the one bulwark against the march of Japan in the Far East.

It is the island of Singapore, Britain's great gateway to the Pacific. Through the port passes trade from the Far East, Australia, and New Zealand, while it commands the Indian Ocean, round which lies three-quarters of the land territory of the British Empire. This is a rapidly-growing fortress, and Japan has always viewed it with alarm.

When Baron Wakatsuki (Japan's Foreign Minister at the time) was returning from the London Naval Conference in 1930 he told all of us newspapermen in Singapore that he regarded the naval base as aimed against Japan. He was quite emphatic about it, and also Japan's peaceful intentions, and the "open door policy" in China.

But happily Singapore has gone on arming and to-day is nearing completion as a veritable Gibraltar. The naval base is protected and the docks there can carry the largest ship in the British Navy. It lies in that narrow neck of water known as the Straits of Johore. Here is a large graving dock, a floating dock, houses of civil engineers, naval officers and all those essential appurtenances which make it look like Portsmouth or Chatham.

You get to it after a twenty-mile ride through an eternal procession of rubber trees, until a notice springs upon you, "R.N. No Public Admitted." Thousands of Chinese coolies clock on here every day, where they have transformed a dreary stretch of swamp, over which the malarial mosquito used to drone, into a modern dockyard.

And Singapore island itself is steadily growing into a healthy-looking fortress. The Royal Air Force base is alongside the naval base and fast-moving bombers drone over it all day long.

The Singapore public are glad of the naval and military activity on the island. The money it brought saved them in the dreary days of the tin and rubber slump.

Indeed it was a wise British diplomat who managed to get Singapore excluded from the demilitarised zone, so anxiously sought by Japan at Washington in 1922.

Jerome Willis

Muslims at Prayer in a Calcutta Street : Sir Roger Lumley Opens Bombay Cricket Stadium

SPHERE SURVEY

Egyptian Students See Athenian Antiquities : Youths Follow the Pioneer Trail to Marietta

WORSHIPPERS AS FAR AS EYE COULD SEE: This was the remarkable scene in Calcutta during the recent Muslim festival of Id-el-Fitr when thousands of the faithful knelt and prayed in the public highway

KING WILLOW IN INDIA: Sir Roger Lumley, Governor of Bombay Presidency, making his inaugural speech when formally opening the new stadium of the India Cricket Club. It is named after Lord Brabourne, former Governor of Bombay and now Governor of Bengal

THE BRITISH LEGION DINNER IN PARIS was held last week and was attended by many notabilities including General Gouraud (second from left), former Military Governor of Paris, Sir Eric Phipps (third from left), the British Ambassador, and General Billotte (right) the new Military Governor of Paris. General Gouraud, it may be remembered, repulsed the last German offensives from Rheims and from the Argonne in the summer of 1918

HANDS ACROSS THE MIDDLE SEA: These students from Cairo University arrived in Athens earlier this month and have since been making an extensive tour of the city's antiquities. They have also been taking part in various sports in competition with local Greek teams

IN THE STEPS OF THE PIONEERS: Four members of the party of thirty-six youths pictured wearing the old colonial outfits in which they are now journeying on foot from Ipswich, Massachusetts, to Marietta, Ohio, retracing the daring journey made a century and a half ago by the Reverend Manasseh Cutler and his band of War of Independence ex-service men on whose behalf he helped to organise the Ohio Company, thus laying the foundations of the great north-central State. The present journey, is expected to take several months

BREEDING HUSKIES

Trabbers, Traders, Mounted Police, Missionaries, Indians, and Eskimos, all Depend Upon Their Dogs Which in Parts of the Northland Are Even To-day the Main Means of Transportation

IN HIGH SUMMER, when the sun burns fiercely down, the husky shelters in the tent kennel set up by its owner on the shores of Hudson Strait. Everyone who lives and works in the northland uses these dogs at some time or another, and the greatest care is taken to ensure their well-being

WHEN lives depend on dogs, dogs are going to receive good care. That is the way trappers, Mounted Police, Indians, Eskimos, prospectors, fur traders, and missionaries in Canada's northland feel about their dogs.

Everywhere north of Canada's railway line dog breeders, amateur and professional, are at work trying to develop a strain of sled dog superior to the pure-bred Eskimo husky dog which is now fast disappearing. The dogs which ply the trap trails in the wooded regions and the dogs which pull the sleds over Arctic icefields for missionaries and police are a mixed lot, in every colour from the greyish white of the pure-bred husky, through blacks and browns, yellows and spotted varieties, telling the story of mixture with Russian wolf-hounds, with wolves, big Newfoundlanders, mongrels, collies, even German police dogs. Each breeder has something else in view, to add speed, strength, size, or bush ranging qualities to his sled dogs.

At the farthest north, police, mission, and fur posts, hundreds of miles above the Arctic Circle, where planes do not yet reach and boats come only once a year, the purest bred Eskimo dogs are found and receive the best care.

Here the dogs are fed seal and walrus meat in winter. In summer they are left to shift for themselves, find mussels, crabs, fish, shrimp, and other sea-food cast up on shore. In winter they are given regular feedings every night, for in winter the white man as well as the native depends most on the dog for transportation. Two or three pounds of frozen seal or walrus meat are given each dog nightly when travelling, and that gives an idea of the load the sleds have to carry at the start of a trip, for ten dogs or more make a team and trips last anywhere up to two months.

On these rations, and sometimes on a feeding every other night if food is low, the huskies will pull in the coldest weather over the most difficult courses upwards of a thousand miles a trip. Huskies have even been known to have travelled under severe conditions with little or no food for weeks. Glaciers, windswept mountains, broken jagged sea ice, all are taken in the dog's stride on these arduous northern trips, in a land where the wind never stops, and seldom blows less than 30 miles an hour.

WALRUS STEAK FOR THE PUPS: An Esk mo feeding baby huskies at a police post on Ellesmere Island, less than 1,000 miles from the Pole. The puppies soon lose their instinctive fear of man

When food is low the huskies will eat almost anything. Then harness, sled ropes, clothing, kyaks, have to be kept away from the dogs, for they will devour everything made of seal or walrus skin. Food caches have to be guarded by especially large boulders, too big for these 100-pound dogs to move. But no matter how hungry, it is a fact that the huskies will not touch wolf flesh, though they will eat each other.

The dogs breed all year, and a litter can be expected at any season. Usually the female dog goes away to a wild and secluded place, there has her litter of six or eight pups. She is crabbed and suspicious at that time will not have any male dogs around, for the very good reason that the male huskies will eat her pups if they get a chance. If in winter, the Eskimos usually build a small snow kennel for the mother dog, place skins on the floor and make the animal as comfortable as possible.

The young pups grow up rapidly. They are petted in their first few months, so lose their instinctive fear of man. Just as children here play with young dogs, so native and white children in the far north play with husky pups, who at the age of one year will be pulling their weight on a sled team. The pups are fed meat as soon as they leave their mother's milk, in some regions where frozen meat is not available, frozen or fresh caught fish taking its place. Within a year the pups have grown to about 20 ins. in height, weigh 50 lb. or more, and have been taught to take their place in harness.

WHEN ITS TAIL IS CURLED it is a sure sign the husky is in good condition. This dog is pure bred and might well be worth as much as £50

On right—HUSKIES FROM BAFFIN ISLAND: These six nearly pure-bred dogs were recently moved to the North-west Territories where the Government is using them for breeding purposes

WINTER QUARTERS: A husky outside its log kennel in a trapping camp in Northern Canada. The pure-bred dogs are greyish-white in colouring, and it is evident that this fellow incorporates more than one alien strain. For all that, however, it may be a really first-rate worker in the sled

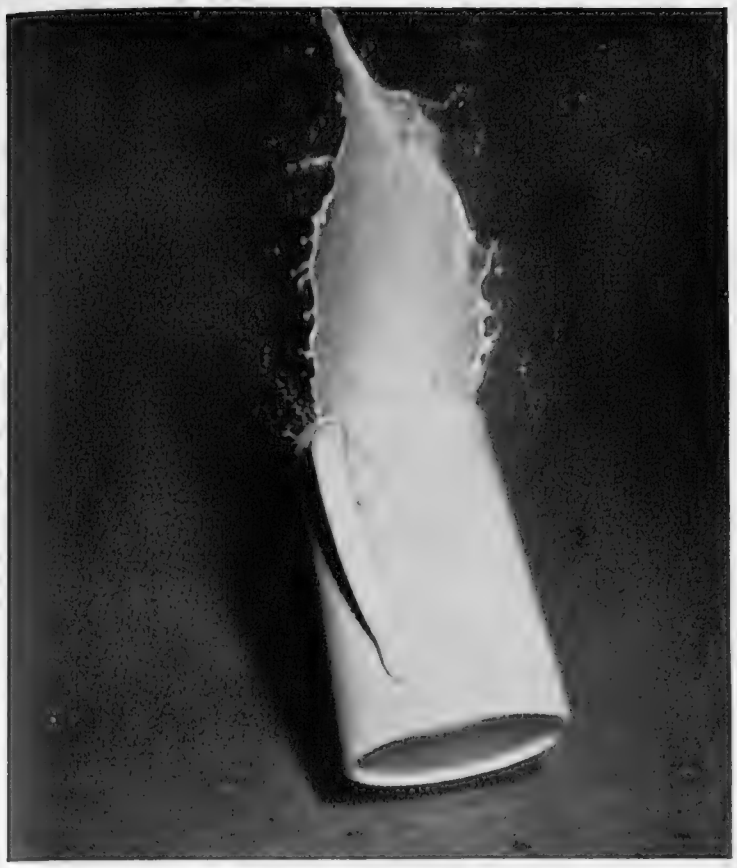
Because dogs are in such demand in the northland their price is often as high as 250 dollars. Prices go up after each dog epidemic, which spreads right across the northland, even though no dogs from one settlement contact dogs from another post. Science has not yet found an answer to this periodic disease which strikes at the most isolated posts, and will kill off dogs in a few days. When hit with the sickness on the trail, trappers and other northern travellers are frequently faced with death, for they depend on their dogs to pull the ton-weight sled loads. This distemper is being studied by university and Government scientists alike While distemper strikes dogs here, it does not wipe out entire dog populations as it does in the far north. When attacked by the disease the dogs are usually killed for there is small chance of recovery.

Huskies are able to stand any temperature and any weather. In the coldest weather they will just curl up in the open, and go to sleep. When blizzards blow they try to find shelter in the lee of a rock, igloo, or ice hummock, then contentedly go to sleep without any harm.

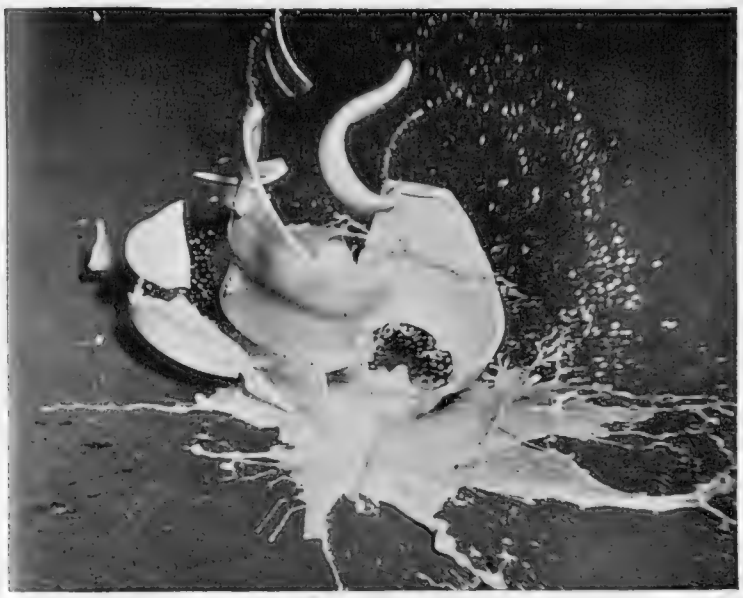
THE ARISTOCRAT: The fine head of a native dog of the western Arctic, a type of immense stamina

Breeding husky dogs is a profitable business for there is a continual demand for them. Police patrols have 400, and buy every year. The Mounties are doing considerable experimental breeding at northern posts as well as at Ottawa and Regina, training headquarters. Fur posts sell dogs bred in their own kennels, while Eskimos have also made a good business of supplying posts and trappers to the south with good sled dogs.

James Montagnes



THE QUICKNESS OF THE CRASH OUTWITS THE EYE, and at any rate the jug-dropper is momentarily too appalled to see what really happens. The photographer, however, was curious to discover more about this jug-smashing business, and this is what he recorded with a synchronised flash as a jug was dropped from a height of 6 ft. A split second before it touched the floor some of the milk was jerked out and then . . .



. . . THE JUG BROKE, falling asunder at the weakest points before sending particles (as depicted below) bouncing into the air with the force of the impact

THE CAMERA DOESN'T CRY OVER SPILT MILK, but faithfully records the curious—almost fantastic—sight as the jug writhes in its final agony

When Somebody Drops a Jug

Only the Camera Really Knows What Happens

CHRISTMAS MAKES WORK

Full Speed Ahead in a London Factory and Southampton Post Office

THEY CAN! A scene in an Acton factory which is turning out thousands of cans a day for the brewers who are finding the demand for canned beer, long popular in America, is growing rapidly in this country. One firm alone has ordered 250,000 containers to meet Christmas requirements, while when the summer comes along it is anticipated that orders will be bigger still as picnic parties, now that they are getting used to the idea, infinitely prefer cans, on which nothing is charged, to cumbersome bottles which have to be returned

BUSY DAYS AT SOUTHAMPTON: Sorting the outward South American mail at the Post Office where for the past month officials have been coping with a host of letters and parcels dispatched to various parts of the world in order to arrive in time for Christmas

THE KING LENDS A RUBENS MASTERPIECE

To the Exhibition of Seventeenth-Century European Art at Burlington House

On left—"THE FARM AT LAEKEN": This renowned picture by Rubens is the property of the King and has been lent by His Majesty to the Royal Academy Exhibition of Seventeenth-Century European Art which opens at Burlington House on January 3 and a preliminary notice of which appeared in "The Sphere" of December 18, Mr. R. H. Wilenski, the noted critic, outlining some of the more notable works that will be on view. Emile Michel in his book *Great Masters of Landscape Painting* has written that "In the landscapes that were directly inspired by nature, Rubens showed all the originality of his genius. He endeavoured to express all that interested him personally in the country, but although he respected the simplicity of the subjects he chose, he did not attempt to copy literally. Unconsciously he put into his pictures something of the epic sense within him, which elevated and transformed them. His lines were more animated, his masses fuller, and his colour more brilliant"

MRS. QUENNELL

PRINCE EDWARD OF KENT

MISS CLAIRE LUCE

These three examples of modern portraiture are all on view at the Leicester Galleries, the pictures of Mrs. Quennell and Miss Claire Luce, the well-known actress, being the work of Adrian Daintrey, who is holding a "one man show" throughout this month. Daintrey was born in London in 1902 and is one of our most promising younger artists. He studied at the Slade and first exhibited at the new English Art Club. The bust of Prince Edward, son of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who is now over two years old, is by Benno Elkan, a well-known German sculptor

NEW YORK ACQUIRES A RARE BRONZE HYDRIA

A Delicately Sculptured and Beautifully Proportioned Water Jar of the Late Fifth Century B.C.

"WHAT LEAF-FRINGED LEGEND HAUNTS ABOUT THY SHAPE?" This beautiful hydria of hammered bronze, which has just been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, is a unique specimen for, as pointed out below, it has decorative features of even more expert workmanship than those on a similar vessel in the British Museum. The handles, one of which is seen in detail on the left, are cast and show a female figure seizing hold of and pulling down a deer by jumping on to its back

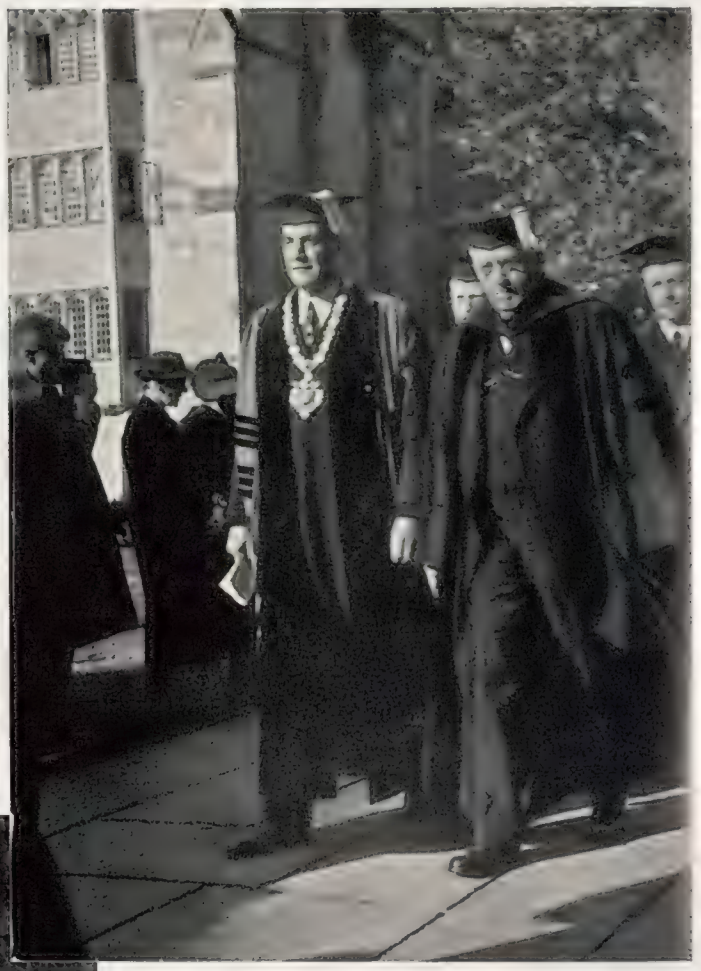
The Glory of Silver Inlay

THIS delicately-sculptured and beautifully-proportioned Grecian Hydria or water jar—a recent acquisition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York—is an outstanding example of Greek art in an excellent state of preservation. The introduction of silver inlays in the ornamentation of the bronze vessel greatly enhances its value, and the beautifully-grouped composition of the Artemis and deer at the base of each handle adds a delicate finish in faultless proportion. We have in the British Museum a similarly-shaped Hydria, which came from Rhodes and is dated about 425 B.C., belonging to a period fifty or so years earlier. Our example, unfortunately, is not embellished with the silver inlays that render the New York acquisition unique and, instead of the winged Artemis and deer, the handle joins the vessel with a winged Sphinx—altogether simpler in design and lacking the exquisite delicacy of workmanship for which the piece seen here compels such unstinting admiration

YALE INSTALLS A PRESIDENT: *A Day of Academic Ceremonial at America's Third Oldest University*

IN SOLEMN PROCESSION: Dr. M. R. Thorpe, bearing the gold mace, as he walked ahead of Dr. Charles Seymour clad in presidential robes and chain, before the latter's installation as President of Yale, third oldest university in the United States, at New Haven, Connecticut. Dr. Seymour has been Provost and Sterling Professor of History since 1927, and Master of Berkeley College, Yale, since 1934. He has a number of important publications to his credit

THE CEREMONY IN BATTEL CHAPEL, where the formal installation of Yale's new president took place. Dr. Seymour is seen standing at the table on which is placed the university's mace, and ranged in the background is the student choir. The chapel dates from 1876



THE NEW PRESIDENT: Dr. Charles Seymour, M.A., Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D., walking in procession with Governor Wilbur Cross (right), former Dean of the Yale Graduate School and since 1935 Governor of the State of Connecticut

"ABSOLUTE INTELLECTUAL FREEDOM" was the keynote of Dr. Seymour's presidential address delivered from the pulpit in the Battel Chapel on the occasion of his installation. His own education was of a liberal nature for he was at King's College, Cambridge, Yale, Freiburg in Germany, and the Sorbonne in France. *On right*- Professor Louis Havemeyer, Yale's great anthropological expert, carried the university staff in the installation procession. He has been a member of the Yale faculty for the past twenty-five years

THE LONE PINE

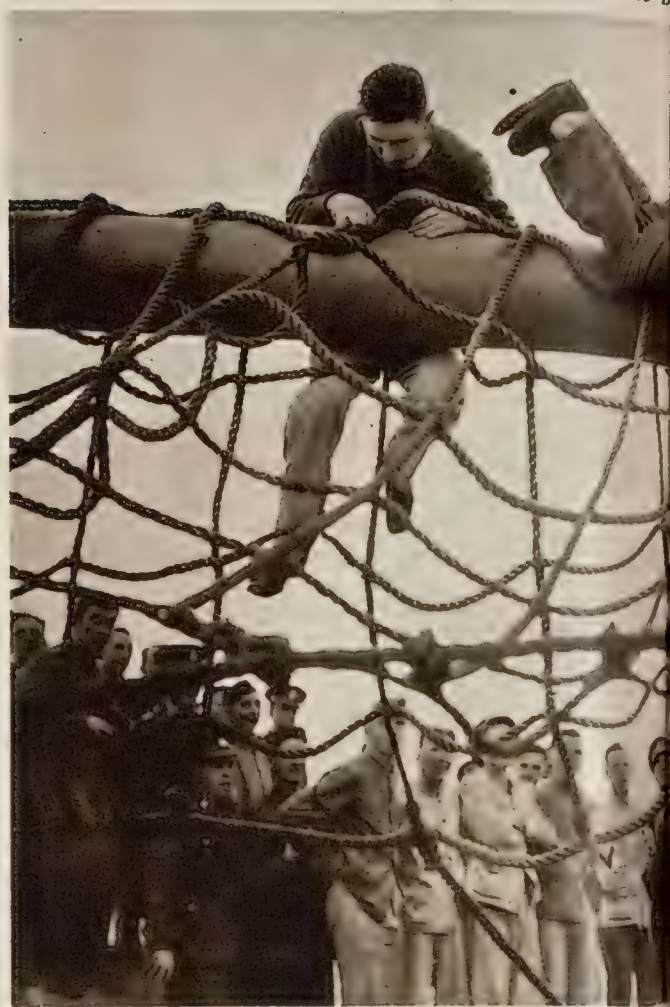
A Camera Study by F. S. Smythe taken just below the 12,000 ft. Kuari Pass in the Central Himalayas

This delightful picture was taken this summer by Mr. F. S. Smythe, the noted Himalayan climber whose exploits on Everest and whose recent conquest of the Mana Peak, the summit of which he reached alone, have brought him such recognition. Mr. Smythe first saw this tree in 1931 when travelling over the 12,000 ft. Kuari Pass in the Central Himalayas, and the photograph he took in the full light of day on that occasion appeared as the frontispiece of his book *The Spirit of the Hills*. "This year," he writes "when I crossed the Pass in the first light of dawn there was the same tree just as it was in 1931, a sturdy, gnarled, weatherbeaten outpost of the forest. Things do not change in the East like they do in the West. It was a beautiful morning with the sun coming up behind Dunagiri, the peak in the background which is over 23,000 ft. high and which we tried to climb but were beaten by bad weather 1,000 ft. from the top. So I photographed my old friend from a new angle"

TOMMY ATKINS AFLOAT:

A Series of Pictures Recently Taken in S.S. Out to Haifa, Palestine, with Men of the B

DRINKS ON DECK served by an orderly as the S.S. *California*, a liner converted into a troopship, steamed through the Mediterranean on her way from Liverpool to Haifa with men of the First Battalion Border Regiment and of the Second Battalion Royal Ulster Rifles. They have since arrived in Palestine and started what is bound to be a spell of rather arduous duty



THE OBSTACLE RACE: While their friends looked on these two competitors in the deck sports, as much a feature of life in troopships as in cruising liners, tackled one of the hazards of the course. They had to climb by means of rope netting over

NEARING PALESTINE: Kit bags piled on deck in readiness for the disembarkation of the troops on arrival at Haifa where they landed at the beginning of December. The voyage was very pleasant considering the time of year, but was marred by the death of Company Serjeant-Major J. Moir who was buried at sea while the ship was passing through the Mediterranean

TREASURED POSSESSIONS: Men engaged in packing the colours of the 1st Battalion, the Border Regiment, in readiness for the disembarkation at Haifa. The greatest care has to be taken as they are seventy years old and the fabric has naturally

LIFE ABOARD A TROOPSHIP

"California" as She was on Her Way Border Regiment and the Royal Ulster Rifles

one of the cargo cranes, no easy job when the ship is heaving n the swell. The pictures on this page were taken by special permission of the War Office and give a most interesting glimpse into the energetic life of the British soldier aboard a troopship

deteriorated to a certain extent in that time. *On right*—WATCHING THE GREASER AT WORK: Men inspecting the propeller shaft during an off duty tour of the S.S. *California's* engine room. When they got down there some of them doubtless wished they had left their coats behind

IN THE HOME STRAIGHT: Two competitors on the last lap of the obstacle race, a feature of the deck sports aboard the troopship *California*. In the background can be seen the crane over which the men had to climb and in the centre is the netting through which they crawled on hands and knees

RESTORED TO ITS PRISTINE GLORY: The magnificent lion monument of Amphipolis which was found in fragments and has now been reconstructed in approximately its original position through the efforts of the American Minister in Athens and the generosity of a large body of subscribers

THE LION OF AMPHIPOLIS REARS ITS HEAD AGAIN

A Mystery Monument, Possibly Commemorating the Fallen in a Battle Between Athenians and Spartans

The renowned Lion of Chaeronia, that colossal war memorial erected near the graves of the Boeotians who fell fighting in 338 B.C. against Philip II and Alexander of Macedon, has a counterpart in the Lion of Amphipolis, a marble figure even more perfect in its proportions which, after lying for centuries in fragments, has now been restored to its original splendour and re-erected on the site of old Amphipolis, Northern Greece, through the efforts of Mr. Lincoln MacVeagh, American Minister to Greece. The history of the Lion remains something of a mystery, but it is thought possible it was set up as a memorial to soldiers killed during the battle in 422 B.C., in which Brasidas, the great Spartan captain, routed the Athenian army, though himself falling in the engagement. The story of how the restoration was brought about and the conjectures of experts regarding its date of origin were recounted a short while ago in a lecture given by Mr. MacVeagh in the presence of King George of the Hellenes, extracts from which here follow:—The history of Amphipolis is closely interwoven with that of the two great empires of ancient Greece, Athens, and Macedon. During the years when Athens controlled it, it furnished her with valuable timber for her fleet, and served as a most useful strong point in the defence of the Black Sea

(Continued on page 566)

CANARIES

Still Play Their Part in Saving Life in Britain's Coal Mines—Testing for Gas in the Workings

FEATHERED GUARDIANS OF THE PITMEN'S LIVES: Canaries in the aviary of the Lancashire and Cheshire Mines Rescue Station at Boothstown, near Manchester. In times of emergency they are taken into the workings in special cages, their reactions to the atmosphere at once revealing if gas is present in dangerous quantities. The official is seen holding in his left hand a tube of oxygen for reviving the birds

BIRD HERO GOES WITH AN EMERGENCY SQUAD: Men of the Lancashire and Cheshire Mines Rescue Station in the fully-equipped rescue van in which they go to the scene of accidents. With them is one of their canaries

ALWAYS READY FOR ACTION: Respirator-equipped men of the mines rescue squad pictured beside their van. In the old days rescuers took tremendous risks when going in search of entombed men, but instead of elaborate apparatus they had their own remedies against gas. A veteran manager in the South Welsh coal field used to go down the pit after accidents with rusty tintacks in his mouth, and claimed the expedient had saved his life on more than one occasion

CHICKS

Go "Flying Down to Rio," Shipped from Florida in the Pan-American Clippers—A Million Already Exported

THEY FLY THROUGH THE AIR despite the fact they are only day-old chicks. They are hatched out in this incubator in Miami, Florida, and then transferred to special packing cases, afterwards being flown to South America by one of the Pan-American Clippers. During November 1,000,000 baby birds were sent southwards, and the value of exports by aeroplane to date is well over £200,000

PREPARING FOR THE LONG HOP: Day-old chicks being transferred from the incubator to special packing cases before being flown from Miami, Florida, to one or other of the South American ports. This export trade has gone ahead by leaps and bounds and evidences the part that the freight air liner can play in industry, its speed, compared with that of the cargo vessel, making a notable saving

AT THE QUAYSIDE: The chicks packed in the boxes in which they make their aerial trip from Miami to South America. The journey is so quick that they do not have to be fed en route and on arrival it is usually found that there have been very few casualties. The poultry industry in Brazil and the Argentine is growing apace

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

DEC 12TH Much to-do and testiness over this business of Christmas gifts. My wife mightily concerned lest her Aunt Theresa of Wimbledon design to send her a gift more costly than the chromium-plated coffee percolator she hath bought for her Aunt. Whereat I reproved my wife for turning a Christmas custom into a mercenary trafficking. And for my part I have great hopes that my cozen Thomas will give me Brandy or Whisky as heretofore, only of better quality. Wherefore I shall contrive to bring to the ears of my sister Anne that I shall be well pleased with some dozen bottles of Schweppes: Soda, Tonic and also Ginger Ale. But I pray she remember the name of Schweppes and be not fobbed off with some flat counterfeit.

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes

PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

LIBERTY *and the* WILL MAKER

Parliament Discusses the Family Inheritance Bill, A Revolutionary Measure Planned to Limit a Man's Rights When Making Bequests

"READING THE WILL": An engraving of Sir David Wilkie's famous painting, which is remarkable for its graphic portrayal of the varying reactions of the assembled relatives to the tidings announced by the solicitor. The women on the left of the table receive the news with complacency, but the old lady in the doorway would seem to be enraged beyond measure

"IT looks as though Mr. Stanley Holmes might emulate with his Inheritance Bill the success of Mr. Herbert last session." This sentence occurs in an article written by the Parliamentary Correspondent of one of our more important Sunday newspapers. It is tucked away in a sentence at the end of the article, and the Inheritance (Family Provision) Bill, to give it its full title, although it has so far entirely failed to create the sensation or arouse the alarms caused by the Marriage Bill, which developed into the Matrimonial Causes Act, does show fair promise of success.

It is, of course, a less sensational measure; nobody will pretend either that this Bill will remove one of the great social poisons of our time, or that it will strike a deadly blow at the institution of the family. Yet it is a revolutionary measure, in that it purports to destroy what has been, ever since the reign of Henry VIII, an inalienable right of every Englishman—to bequeath his property, other than entailed estates, to whatever persons (not institutions) he would, provided that he leaves a will duly signed and witnessed, and sufficiently clear for a Court to construe it.

The idea at the root of the Bill is that charity, in death as in life, begins at home. In his life-time a man has to support his wife and children; why should his death prevent them from claiming some measure of that support which they are entitled to expect during his life, provided that he leaves sufficient estate to give them assistance? There are, of course, powerful arguments on the other side, but in order to see the problem in its true perspective, it is well to point out that English law has been almost alone in not insisting that a man should make some provision for his family after his death.

Roman Law, on which most Continental countries' systems are largely based, regulated this: a man was obliged to leave a certain portion of his property to his children. In France the family is entitled to its *légitime*, and only a fraction is available for free bequest. In Italy, half a man's estate follows a settled rule. In the United States the law varies from State to State, but the most general rule appears to be that a widow is entitled to one-third of the personalty and to a life interest in a third of the realty.

The question which suggests itself is why, since other countries have almost all adopted the contrary rule, has England adhered to freedom of bequest? There are several answers to it. Where large estates have been in issue, the matter has very largely been regulated by entails and marriage settlements; family legislation, in fact, has made State legislation superfluous. The idea of primogeniture, that a man provides for his eldest son and the younger sons fend for themselves, has spread outside those circles where it is a question of maintaining intact a family estate. It has the advantage, as it has been said, of only allowing for one fool in every family. And, on the whole, most men, even when they have neglected their families in life, seem to have tried to make provision for them at death.

The problem is not a major problem, but there are from time to time cases where the wills of malicious or eccentric men cause hardships; and Mr. Holmes's Bill is far from being the first attempt to deal with it. There was, for instance, Miss Rathbone's Bill last year.

The reason for the forecast quoted at the beginning of this article is that the Solicitor-General has stated that, subject to the promoters agreeing to certain amendments in the Bill, they should have the invaluable assistance of the Parliamentary draftsmen in preparing it. The Bill, in its present form, does not provide any hard and fast proportion which a testator must allow for his dependents. It empowers the Court to make an order for the payment out of the capital or income of an estate, for the benefit of a surviving spouse (i.e., widower as well as widow), of such an amount as it thinks fit. It empowers the Court to make similar provision for the testator's children. The Court is also to distribute the burden of support among the various beneficiaries under the will as it thinks proper.

The Solicitor-General's offer means, in effect, that the Bill will probably receive the same facilities from the Government—so essential for the success of a private Member's Bill—as did Mr. Herbert's recently. The changes which he regarded as essential to make the measure workable were, first, that except for estates of less than £2,000, maintenance should be provided out of income—not capital—and the Court's power to vary the testator's provision for his children should apply only to children under age, spinsters, and disabled sons.

Further, Sir Terence O'Connor stated that the Bill should provide certain fixed maximum proportions above which the Court should not go; and, until a code of rules with regard to the operation of the Bill (when it becomes law) is evolved, "The Court" should mean the Chancery Division of the High Court only, not the County Court. With these amendments, the Bill will remove certain cases of injustice while leaving substantially intact the Englishman's right of free bequest; and the decision even to make the limited alterations to be permitted will rest only in the most expert hands.

W. T. Wells

SIX PAIRS OF THEM: Mr. and Mrs. Harry Fifield, of East Thompson, Connecticut, pictured with Mrs. Fifield's mother and with their twelve children, all of whom are twins and who are said to constitute a record in medical history. The proud father earns about £2 10s. a week, but judging by the children's appearance, he is quite evidently a wise spender

THE CHRISTMAS CAROLLERS OF CALLANDER: Emilie, Yvonne, Cecile, Annette, and Marie, the famous Dionne quintuplets, rehearsing for the festive season. These five youngsters, who will soon be four years old, have grown amazingly of late and, incidentally, so have their bank balances. They are now said to be worth a total of £100,000

THE GLORY OF THE CHRISTMAS "PRESEPIO"

The Three Dimensional Representation of the Nativity Dear to many Ages and many Lands

A FLORENTINE PRESEPIO: This three-dimensional representation of the Nativity worked in wood by an unknown artist is in the Church of St. Marco and is a fine example of the elaborate nature of Italian religious tableaux. The figure of the Christ Child is surrounded with votive offerings

THE "Presepio", using the word in its broadest sense, may signify in the history of Art any representation of the Nativity scene; but, as a more specialised term it refers to representations which are plastically constructed, in three dimensional form, to show, by means of figures and scenic details, personages and events of the gospel story of the first Christmas and suggest and remind of its profound and matchless beauty.

From very early times the Nativity scene was represented perhaps on Roman sarcophagi, in Byzantine mosaics, and by Graeco-Roman artists in stone and marble and ivory and bronze. Painters century after century depicted the scene and, as legend added further details to the gospel narrative, fresh figures and incidents were introduced. Chapels were set aside for special devotions. In 354 Pope Liberius built a Basilica to commemorate the Holy Birth, and there, in Santa Maggiore in Rome, was set up the most ancient "Presepio" in Italy, which served as model for one erected in the ninth century in Santa Maria Trastevere by Pope Gregory IV.

This visualising, by means of figures and setting, of "the Joyous Mystery of the Nativity" became swiftly popular in an age when the church was the theatre and picture-book as well as the temple of the people, the place where they went to see, as well as to hear of, the figures of the gospel story and the mysteries of their faith.

The custom spread rapidly. Italy, England, Germany, France, Austria, Flanders, Spain, Russia, all in varying form set the Christmas scene under different names. The word Presepio is derived from *prae-saebēs* before or in front of a hedge or manger; and while in Italy the name Presepe was customarily in use, it was also called, from the hut-like appearance of the roofed enclosure which usually sheltered the Holy Family *capanna* or *capannuccia*, meaning hut or little hut. In England the crib; in Germany it was the *Weihnachts Krippe*; in France the *crêche*, and had other names in other lands.

The most ancient "Presepii" are grave and devotional in feeling, of great simplicity. A few solemn figures survive of the group made by Arnolfo di Cambio for the church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome: Chartres cathedral has a lovely "Presepio" of the first half of the thirteenth century in which Mary is shown lying in the background against a curtain, tended by Joseph, while in front the swaddled Child lies in a raised manger with a gentle and solicitous ox and ass at head and feet. Volterra cathedral has one in which Joseph and Mary kneel on either side of the Christ Child, the background being painted by Benozzo Gozzoli. Countless artists, such as Pisano, Rossellino, Della Robbia, moulded plastic figures to present the Nativity scene, and gradually more and more figures were introduced, as in a "Presepio" of 1484 preserved in the church of San Giovanni e Carbonara at Naples where supplementary figures gather round the Holy Child.

More and more in Italy, during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, were the representations elaborated, and additional groups and incidents associated with the primitive scene. The Shepherds with their sheep were a natural addition; and soon the Three Kings, with their retinue, so splendidly depicted in paintings by such artists as Benozzo Gozzoli and Gentile da Fabbriano, found their way into the "Presepio," affording inexhaustible opportunity for scenic display, for splendour and variety. Costumes and jewels became conspicuous features: the lowly stable became a Prince's Court where, before the Prince of Peace, all the glory and honour of the nations, all the hope and wisdom of the ages converged. As Richard Southwell wrote in 1561:—

> This stable is a Prince's court . . .
> This crib His chair of State,
> The beasts are parcel of His pomp,
> The wooden dish His plate.

Presently, moreover, the "Presepio," originating in the churches and convents, allied to the liturgical offices, planned with a wholly devotional aim, extended its sphere into the home, and, in some lands, into the open air, becoming a feature of both domestic and village life.

In Thüringen it is recorded that the Star Singers used to bring with them a little "Presepio" of marionnettes set on a board supported by a pole, and that in this, not only the Holy Family was shown, but also Herod at a castle window and the Three Kings journeying towards the Holy Child. In Poland the "Szopke" or Crib, "an ambulant puppet show," gave its spectacles in town and village towards Christmas time, on the little stage of which, it is related "move in pairs the most popular folk types together with the heroes of legend and history, together with spirits bright and dark streaming to Bethlehem and praising the New Born in recitatives, airs, and dance."

As recently as 1899 a writer in the *Silesian Folklore Chronicle* describes the *Szopke* or *Schope* being carried from village to village by youths, the curtain being raised upon a brilliantly lighted scene where the Holy Child is discovered with His Mother and Joseph, while before him bows a rich Bojar clad in furs, and songs accompanied by a violin tell of the gifts offered and honours paid by all countries before the manger throne. In Hamburg, too, in the last century persons impersonating Joseph and Mary in costume were still wont to carry around, and display for the people's devotion a little decorated *Krippe*.

It was in the fourteenth century that the "Presepio" entered as a domestic custom into first the princely, then the humbler, homes. In this century the Visconti family of Milan was regularly preparing one for the children of the household; Buontalenti designed a wonderful one in the Pitti Palace in Florence for the children of the Grand Duke Cosimo I; Macchiavelli refers to one exhibited in 1466 in Florence "to give the people something other than public affairs to think of," and Tasso in 1587 saw a magnificent one in Rome.

Above and on right—FIGURES FROM THE ROYAL NEAPOLITAN PRESEPIO, one of the most splendid examples of its kind, containing many hundreds of separate pieces. It was made for King Charles III of Naples and his Polish consort, Amalia, but, sadly enough, many of its individual figures, which the Queen and her ladies took such a delight in robing, are now lost

The "Presepio" was now, in the full splendour of the Renaissance, undergoing a metamorphosis. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries scenic effects were being studied, all the world was being assembled around the Bethlehem stable, until, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the scene had reached its apotheosis and become a gorgeous pageant, a stage crowded with heterogeneous figures representative of all ages and lands; a world into which, amid architectural monuments and varied landscapes, were introduced comic episodes and interludes, in which no anachronisms were recognised or shunned, and where magnificence, novelty, and technical perfection were the chief objects held in view.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the Benedictine nuns of Frauenkiemsee in Bavaria and those of the Ursuline Convent, near Innsbruck, celebrated Christmas and adorned their Christmas "Presepio" with a magnificence rarely surpassed; and it was due especially to the suggestive beauty, the artistic delicacy of the work of these Ursuline nuns that Herr Max Schmerderer, the collector, founded with their "Presepio," together with several figures from the Moser collection in Bozen, his Tyrolese section of "Presepii" in the Bavarian National Museum at Munich.

The figures measured some 8 ins. high; their heads were modelled in wax, the hair made of flax or wool, the legs and arms carved in wood and attached to the trunk by wire covered with many thicknesses of linen, allowing them every variety of position and gesture. The armour and horses' trappings of the Three Kings were of silver, their mantles "cost fabulous sums," and all were in gorgeous apparel with gold and silver embroideries and precious stones.

Those desirous of studying the "Presepio" and its history and development owe indeed much to Max Schmerderer who for twenty years (from 1872–1892) was at work in Munich collecting examples of the "Presepio" of this brilliant period as well as of earlier days from every corner of the world, setting the figures in scenes which he rebuilt and re-fashioned, and wholly devoting his house to his collection which, in its rich historic and folkloristic interest and artistic beauty, was annually visited by 6,000 to 8,000 people before in 1892 he gave this wonderful collection to the Munich National Museum.

Another and literary source of information is Dr. Georg Hager's book *Die Weihnachtskrippe* (Munich 1902). Gregorovius and the American sculptor William Story both wrote of the Roman

(Continued on page 566)

"A PAGE OF THE GOSPEL TRANSLATED INTO NEAPOLITAN DIALECT" was one Italian writer's description of this "Presepio" made by Polidori, Sammartino, and other artists. It was in this kingdom of the Two Sicilies that "Presepii" reached their greatest development, hundreds of figures occupying the scene; servants, merchants, pedlars, and a host of others crowding round the central characters

BUT ONCE A YEAR

The Children's Christmas Joys

THE GREAT BED OF BROMPTON ROAD: This giant display of dolls set out in such original fashion has been one of the big features of Harrods toy department where, as usual, the most elaborate arrangements have been made to delight youngsters accompanying their parents in Christmas shopping. London's department stores have been reporting excellent business

THE GOLDEN BOOK: A little boy talks to "the good fairy" before signing the register at Harrods. The youngsters love this ritual, and enjoy particularly standing on the illuminated platform

Special "Sphere" pictures by William Davis

THE HOLBORN CURB MARKET is always a big attraction and few there are who do not pause for a minute to admire the ingenuity of the various mechanical toys on view. *On right*—Master John Hickey, a debonair figure in his woolly outfit, hails from Manchester but accompanied his parents on their Christmas shopping in London

PLEASE DO NOT TOUCH ran the notice on this group of dolls set out in Harrods toy department, but what a temptation the neatly dressed little figures must have been for the young visitors to the store

REHEARSING FOR BLACKPOOL CHILDREN'S PANTOMIME: Youngsters who are taking part in this annual show which has now become something of a tradition in the town and, since its inception, has been the means of raising £7,000 for charities

CHRISTMAS *and the* DRAMA

"I Killed the Count"—A New Brand of Dramatic Hybrid : Opera Stars and Pantomime

STAGE BIOGRAPHY: Edmund Gwenn as Samuel Pepys in W. P. Lipscomb's play *Thank You, Mr. Pepys!* which is now running at the Shaftesbury. The piece reveals an entirely different side of the great diarist's character, showing him not as the playboy of popular conception but as the patriot, striving, in his capacity as naval administrator, to give Britain a fleet worthy of the name

NOT many hours after the production at the Whitehall Theatre of Mr. Alec Coppel's play, *I Killed the Count*, there appeared in the advertisement columns of certain daily papers a varied selection of professional tributes to its quality. From them I cull the following, each quotation being from a different critical pen :—"Witty and extremely amusing"; "Top marks for laughs"; "Crescendo hilarious response from the audience"; "Pre-eminently amusing".

Now suppose those phrases to be your sole clue to Mr. Coppel's undoubtedly successful effort, of what type would you judge it to be? A brilliantly epigrammatic comedy, outdoing Wilde in the perfection of a well-turned phrase? An audaciously modern trifle by Mr. Noel Coward carrying all before it by sheer impudent fun? An honest-to-goodness farce in which wives and husbands become comically mixed, in which bedrooms

CHARLES II AND NELL GWYNN, played by Barry K. Barnes and Marjorie Mars, also appear in *Thank You, Mr. Pepys!* Although Miss Mars hardly has a part big enough for her undoubted talent she makes the most of it. The study of the debonair and democratic king is first rate

"THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS!": It is from this episode in the final scene at the Shaftesbury that Mr. Lipscomb's play derives its name. Charles II is seen reviewing his fleet from the deck of the Royal yacht and standing beside him is the infirm and nearly blind maker of the new navy, his splendid life's work accomplished. Edmund Gwenn is in his element in the part of Mr. Pepys

An historical play, such as *Thank You, Mr. Pepys!* now running at the Shaftesbury Theatre, always arouses questions, stirring the deep waters of historical ignorance. One is apt to wonder what happened to the characters who have come to life during the brief hours on the stage. There was the clever Mr. Samuel Pepys, the eminent Secretary of the Navy, standing beside the King he had served so well, and looking with dimmed eyes on the ninety ships of the line he had succeeded in putting to sea. What happened to him? He remained in his beloved office all through the short reign of James II, for whom he had a great regard, and who appears to have held Mr. Pepys in affectionate appreciation. But when King James fled from England, Pepys suffered with him. King William and his Council felt that Pepys was too devoted to the late King to remain in office and they even sent him to imprisonment for a short time. But once set free he was not further troubled and spent the rest of his life in retirement, enjoying his books and his friends.

He lived in York Buildings, Buckingham Street, Strand, near the Water Gate. He occupied himself with writing the Memoirs of the Navy, though his eyesight was growing increasingly troublesome. He used paper tubes, trying an experiment, and wore spectacles which are still in existence. His great friend, William Hervee, who rose to high position in the Navy Office, bought a house on Clapham Common, which he begged Pepys to use whenever he wanted, and it was there that John Evelyn visited him, "went to visit Mr. Pepys at Clapham where he has a very noble and wonderfully furnished house, especially with Indian and Chinese curiosities." There was a large garden laid out in the Dutch style. It was there that Pepys died in 1703, leaving all his books, MSS, and the shorthand volumes of his diary to his old college, Magdalen College, Cambridge. One is glad to know that the precious Naval books were preserved

abound, in which doors slam, and plump parties fall upon that portion of their bodies comically associated with falling? You would be wrong, for Mr. Coppel cares for none of these things.

This side-splitting, witty, irresistibly and ludicrously amusing piece—and I quarrel with none of the descriptions—is about death, violent death. There is a Count in it and he is slain; indeed, by reason of "flashes back," which are part of the play's ingenious method of construction, his murder is shown three times, Mr. Eric Maturin, who plays the part remarkably well, obeying the familiar command of "Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, Dilly, come and be killed," without any dillying or even dallying. This occurs because three people, for reasons much too difficult to explain, made bogus confessions in order to allow this entertainment to come into the now vastly popular category of "mystery thriller."

This is not by way of introduction to an elaboration of my repeated statement that no play of that type has as yet either mystified or thrilled me, since I am content here to belong to a negligible minority. That I have long found it almost impossible to care, even when the craftsmanship is of the best, why or how or by whom anybody is killed in any play is quite unimportant; that hordes of enthusiastic playgoers who pour into the seats of London's theatres (and, what is more, pay for 'em) is another and far more significant kettle of fish, on which many dramatists, managers, actors, and actresses manage to feed comfortably. And that is, obviously, much more to the point.

What is possibly of more interest to note is the modern trend of taking horrors in the theatre—for murder is a horrible thing, and sudden death is, after all, not so very funny—with a sort of bemused callousness. There have, it is true, been historic stage deaths which have never evoked the Aristotelian pity and terror, and possibly have never been

GLISTENING POMPADOUR DRESSES AGAINST A BLACK AND GOLD SETTING: A special "Sphere" picture of the spectacular ballet scene in Ivor Novello's *Crest of the Wave* which continues to prove a very big draw at Drury Lane

tended to do so. It is doubtful whether any eart has beaten the quicker, or any eye grown e moister because Hamlet thrust his rapier through e arras and spitted what he thought was a rat but und to be only Polonius.

Yet it was not so long ago that a murderous elodrama was regarded perfectly seriously; it had, f course, its "comic relief," but that was in a atertight compartment, and the main business of e evening, if properly contrived and performed, dly had its meed of gooseflesh. To-day the enjoyment of the public derived from the new ind of dramatic hybrid which might be abelled blood-stained farce can be compared ith that engendered by those masterpieces f sadistic cynicism—the "Little Willie" hymes. It will be remembered that—

Little Willie, mad for gore,
Nailed the baby to the door,
Mummy cried in loud complaint,
"Willie, dear, *do* mind the paint!"

By PHILIP PAGE

There seems to be the core here of a first-class ystery thriller, period 1938.

I should add that *I Killed the Count* really is a ost laughable business, full of happy twists and erns (except for the poor Count) and most deftly put ogether. And for the long run which seems to be a ertainty due credit should be given to a brilliant cast, otably Mr. Athole Stewart, the unfortunate Mr. Maturin, Mr. Hugh E. Wright, and Mr. George Merritt.

"Panto."—One reason, I was told, why the recent eason of opera in English at Covent Garden had to be o short was that several of the principals had already ccepted pantomime engagements. Which proves quite lot of things, among them (yet again) that pantomime s not dead. There are, in point of fact, three pantoimes in preparation in Central London alone, though none do I recognise an operatic singer. Perhaps the rovinces are in this respect more fortunate, though it epends, of course, on the singer.

Many a reputable Mephistopheles from *Faust* have seen at Christmas time in much the same garb in *inbad* or *Cinderella* doing duty as the Demon King. have even known a Boris Godounov as this more atanic (but less highly paid) majesty, his songs chosen ith an eye to popularity rather than appropriateness. antomime audiences are not critical in this respect, nd I recall being indignantly sho-shoed into silence hen the first bar of the aforesaid Demon King, with green tinsel on his upper eyelids, singing, "When the Angelus is ringing," proved too much for me.

But in modern pantomime your Demon King is primarily a bass or baritone, and only conventionally wicked. Time was when he was the very spirit of cruelty and ruthlessness, often identified with a real personage in past or present history. The custom is worth reviving; and we may yet see one of Verdi's or Puccini's or Wagner's heroes scowling it at Christmas time and frightening the kiddies as Gille de Rais, King Bomba, Nero, Pedro the Cruel, or Comrade Stalin. But he must be a bass or baritone. Tenors have a poor look-out, for a tenor is not wicked—at least, not in the dramatic sense—and Demon King jobs are not for them.

"Room Service."—This is an irresistibly amusing play, although, strangely enough, it is not about death. True, at one moment we see a corpse; but the audience is in the secret and we all know that it is a comic corpse—that is to say, a corpse that is not a corpse.

In itself the joke is not of wide appeal since (a) the scene is America and the phraseology exclusively and often mystifyingly American, and (b) the subject is "back-stage" theatrical shop.

Fortunately, *Room Service* is put together so well and acted with such a degree of the requisite snap that it is likely to fill the Strand Theatre for quite a while. For myself, I have not seen so diverting an American farce since *Three Men on a Horse*, though I miss the pathos and the alluring antics of Miss Claire Carleton which illuminated that near-masterpiece.

Here is the story of a theatrical company in such low water that they are in pawn at a hotel while their play is in rehearsal. Devoid of cash and devoid of backers, the greater part of their energy is devoted to efforts to bluff the hotel proprietor, to obtain food, etc., on credit, to prevent their scenery and costumes being impounded by creditors, and to find some amiable person with money to put their play on for them and to rescue them from their sea of troubles. What might have been a tale of sordid anxiety is a breathless farce, as full of wise-cracks as there are plums in a Christmas pudding. If some of these wise-cracks are no more intelligible to the average member of a London audience as they would be to an "abominable snowman," most of them are in every way acceptable.

The company is American, vastly competent, and unfamiliar. But Mr. Hartley Power is an old, and welcome, friend.

THE POLISH BALLET AT COVENT GARDEN: *Left*—One of Irena Lorentowiez Karwowska's costume designs for *Le Rappel* and (*right*) a design by Teresa Rosykowska for *The Legend of Cracow*, a picturesque ballet based on Polish folk-lore. The company has never before appeared in London or indeed in Western Europe

MARIE WALEWSKA MEETS HER OLD FRIEND, CAPTAIN D'ORNANO: Greta Garbo and Alan Marshal in an episode from the film, *Marie Walewska*, which was presented last week at the Empire, Leicester Square, and tells, with great beauty and restraint, the story of Marie's devotion both to Napoleon and to Poland. The producer has taken a certain amount of licence, showing Bonaparte idealistically

HOW TO LIVE HAPPILY THOUGH MARRIED is the theme of *School for Husbands*, which will be presented at the New Gallery Cinema on Boxing Night, and in which Rex Harrison, Diana Churchill, and June Clyde are prominent

RIPE FOR STARDOM: Francisca Gaal, the Hungarian actress, whom Cecil (Colossal) B. de Mille has described as a combination of Helen Hayes, Mary Pickford, Elisabeth Bergner, and Clara Bow. She has a part in his picture *The Buccaneer*

IN AN ALASKAN SETTING: Jean Parker as Necia, the trader's daughter, and James Ellison as the dashing young army officer in the Paramount film *The Barrier* based on the novel by Rex Beach. It is conventional and romantic

AT THE PLAZA DURING CHRISTMAS: Una Merkel as Daisy and Carole Lombard as Helen, the girl who is on trial for murder, in a prison scene in *True Confession*, a Paramount picture with a first-rate cast which includes Fred MacMurray

"THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL," Alexander Korda's production based on Baroness Orczy's novel was presented at the Tivoli this week. *Left*—James Mason as Talleyn, Francis Lister as Chauvelin, the Minister of Police charged with the task of capturing the Pimpernel, and Margaretta Scott as Theresa, the actress, whom he uses to further his plans. *Right*—De Marre (O. B. Clarence) and Lady Blakeney (Sophie Stewart) in the guillotine trumbril which is driven by Sir Percy Blakeney in disguise

CHRISTMAS FILM FARE

And Other News From the Cinemas

"School for Husbands" which will be shown at the New Gallery on Boxing Night is a picture for husbands and wives, particularly for husbands. They will be taught the right way to treat their wives, how they must never fail to notice a new dress, how much a gift of flowers is appreciated or the judicious present of a book. Diana Churchill, who scored such a success in *The Dominant Sex*, plays the leading part in this sparkling marital comedy while Rex Harrison and Henry Kendall and Romney are the attractive males. June Clyde, who shares the honours with Diana Churchill, is an American star who came to London for three months, and has remained for three years. Not only will husbands learn how to treat wives but wives will learn the way to beguile husbands with entrancing dresses—in fact *School for Husbands* should prove a most entertaining comedy for the Christmas Season.

* * *

"Marie Walewska" at the Empire is an adaptation from a book by Maclaw Gasiororoski concerning the love-story of Napoleon with the Polish countess, Marie Walewska. They met in Warsaw and when Napoleon requests her to visit his quarters she refuses, till urged by the Polish nobles to do anything to please the Emperor who may give liberty to Poland. She finds she loves Napoleon and the whole story becomes one of great self-sacrificing devotion, told with great beauty and restraint. Political necessity forces Napoleon to marry Marie Louise, the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, and poor Marie Walewska bears his son in secret. But it was she and not the Empress who visited him in Elba to console him after Waterloo. Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer play the respective parts with great power and artistry.

* * *

"Monica and Martin" now running at the Berkeley Cinema, is a German picture with English subtitles. It is a whimsical story of an artist, who painted persistently, but refused to sell his pictures as they did not reach the perfect standard at which he aimed. His wife, Luise Ullrich, driven desperate, sells one of his pictures, pretending it is her own work and creates a great success. Viktor de Kowa is cast as the impractical artist, and Heinrich George is the kindly German art dealer who somehow smooths out the tempestuous domestic difficulties of the ill-assorted pair, who are forever quarrelling and making up.

* * *

The following are films which have had their first West End runs and may shortly be seen in other cinemas:

"Vogues of 1938" which has been showing at the Odeon is a triumph of Technicolor photography. The colour is no longer strident and harsh and the make-up of the complexion has been so carefully considered that it looks natural. This particular picture, being largely a display of dresses, is greatly enhanced by colour. The dresses are introduced naturally as the plot consists of the rivalry between two great dressmaking concerns. Warner Baxter takes the leading part with Joan Bennett as the society girl, Wendy van Klettering, who comes into the business and helps to save it when at the point of ruin.

* * *

"Thoroughbreds Don't Cry" is a picture made in Hollywood, contrasting the perfect manners which an English boy is supposed to possess, according to Hollywood directors, with the tough lads of America. The part, which was obviously planned for Freddie Bartholomew, has been taken by Ronald Sinclair, whose good English name has been chosen for him, doubtless, as being more suitable than Ra Hould, by which he was originally known. Mickey Rooney, as a young jockey, plays the leading part. Of course the two boys, after preliminary rough fighting, become fast friends. A sentimental story, with, however, some exciting racecourse scenes, when the English horse fails through some crooked work by the jockey, and some pleasant humour in the boarding house kept by Sophie Tucker.

* * *

"Underworld" which has been at the Curzon is a French picture with English subtitles, but it has a Russian theme, consequently indulges in the utmost squalor. It should be taken as an antidote to some of the more glamorous pictures, all splendour and glitter. Criminals in a dosshouse, derelicts of all kinds move in a background of grim slumdom. The hero, Pepel, acted by Jean Gabin, grows weary of his evil life and in the end moves out along a country road with the pathetic good girl. Some humour is brought to this depressing story by the gambling baron, played very cleverly by Louis Jouvet, who seems to find the dosshouse a peaceful resting place after the difficulty of coping with his many creditors.

* * *

"The Barrier" which has been at the Plaza is the film version of a famous novel by Rex Beach, with a background of Alaskan scenery, snow-topped mountains and great pine trees. Leo Carrillo plays in fine realism the part of a French-Canadian trapper, a noble fellow, who loves Necia (Jean Parker) but does not tell her so, and even encourages her love for the gallant young officer, Lieutenant Burrell (James Ellison). The story is reminiscent of the old silent films, where one was spared some of the lengthy sentimental thoughts, at one time expressed merely by a soulful look. The lieutenant hesitates on the question of marriage, thinking Necia is a half-breed, but happily this is disproved after some exciting incidents. **B. H.**

LOOKING into the NEW YEAR

Sales Begin Immediately After Christmas

WHEN opportunity comes knocking at your door, open it wide and open it quickly. In other words, when the after-Christmas Sales begin, get along to them at the earliest possible moment, for you will find it gloriously worth while. Even hardened bargain hunters are going to be impressed by this year's quarry, for everything has conspired to make things grand for the shopper, and the shops, without making any fuss about it, are slashing the prices of their regular stock.

Marshall & Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W., start their Sale on December 29. Their Sale catalogue has made grand holiday reading, for it is simply packed with the sort of things that every woman wants at the sort of prices she dreams about. There are, for instance, the famous Fama stockings, in service weight pure silk, reduced from 8s. 11d. to 3s. 6d. a pair. There are twenty colours to choose from, so you should be able to find what you want. Then there are pure Cashmere pullovers, warm and soft and luxurious. They began life at 55s. 9d. and 35s. 9d., but you will be able to get them at £1. Apart from the Thursday Remnant Days be sure to visit the Fabric Departments, for 500 yards of pure silk velvet, in black and colours, 54 ins. wide, reduced from 23s. 9d. a yard to 11s. 9d. a yard is the sort of thing you will find there.

From Marshall's, make your way to Warings, of Oxford Street, W., for their sale also begins on December 29. They are clearing their season's stock of day and evening gowns, and here are just one or two things to encourage you. A model two-piece in bottle-green novelty woollen material, with the coat, in a heavier weight, with a flattering fur collar rippling down to the waist. The price is £9 instead of the usual 18½ guineas. A heavy black silk marocain afternoon dress, with a necklace and belt of oxidised silver beads. Price £7 instead of 13½ guineas. Charming lace dinner dresses in a range of good colours, high-necked, short-sleeved, with a velvet sash at the waist, for £6 instead of 8½ guineas.

If you are wanting to replenish your linen cupboard, mark January 3 largely in your diary, for that is the beginning of the sale at Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, and the first week is a special Linen week. For the first time for years they have been able to get those old favourites, French linen sheets. The single bed size in a good heavy quality, with hemstitched hems, costs 39s. 6d. a pair. They also have Horrocks's finest Egyptian cotton sheets, hemstitched, reduced to 29s. 6d. from 2 guineas for the single bed size. You should study their catalogue for the rest of their marvellous offers, for they are too numerous to mention.

From linen to lingerie is not a very far cry, so we will take you off to Swan and Edgar's, of Piccadilly Circus, where the 3rd is the great day. This is the place for breakfast gowns—a little more formal and grand than dressing gowns. "Marcia," made in plain damask with long leg-o'-mutton sleeves, costs only 21s. and is most gracefully cut in shades of rose, green, saxe, and gold. "Martha," small-waisted and slender, is made in fleece backed broché satin in pale colours, and has huge puffed sleeves. This costs 25s., while for 27s. 6d. you can get "Maude," a breakfast gown in wool velour cloth in the gayest of colours. Just a little more money—40s. to be precise—and you can take your choice of a selection of silk afternoon dresses. If you are no longer as slender as once you were, make the most of the astonishing offers in the Full Size Department. You will feel almost sylph-like in a Continental wool angora suit, with patch pockets on the well-shaped collarless cardigan, and it will cost you only 55s.

Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, S.W., is the happy hunting ground of those who are in search of furs. Here are just a few items, taken from their autumn catalogue, but now most pleasantly reduced. "Varese" is a charming dyed squirrel cape, with a long ended collar and a deep border of horizontal skins. It originally cost 19½ guineas, but is now 16½ guineas. "Valetta" is an exceptionally distinguished three-quarter length Persian Lamb coat with a waistcoat effect. From January 3, you can get this for 98 guineas instead of 129 guineas. "Vienne" is a utility coat, three quarter length, in nutria lamb, the price brought down from 11½ guineas to 10½ guineas. In every Department reductions like these are being made on all their season's goods.

There is still time to get all these sale Catalogues, all of which, to any woman, are more exciting than half a dozen detective novels, so send for them straight away and carefully plan your campaign before you set out for the scene of action.

1937 Has Been a VINTAGE YEAR in the WORLD of BOOKS

Says Vernon Fane in this Summing Up of the Big Successes

WHEN it comes to the adding up my guess is that the number of books published in 1937 will total nearly 17,000. I should hate to have to guess how many of that number have earned even a modest competence for the author, have repaid the publisher's capital expenditure, or justified the expense of printing and binding. At a generous estimate the number of books that have commanded the public's attention; books that have been in general demand at the shops and libraries, and have been noticed in the press, amount to no more than a few hundred. What happens to the rest?

The answer is that they are bought in as large, if not larger, numbers; for most of them are reprints. These are the best-sellers of yesteryear, available now at prices which enable them to be circulated among the smaller libraries, and to be bought by that enormous number of people who wait for cheap editions.

1250 1446 1470 1595

These drawings are just a few of the many Iris Brooke has prepared for her book, A History of English Costume, *which has just been published by Methuen's, and forms a most interesting introduction to an enthralling subject. The costume on the* left *belongs to the reign of Henry III, while the headdresses in the* centre *evidence the elaborate nature of such wear in the fifteenth century, when it was the fashion to totally conceal the hair. The gentleman on the* right *is wearing Venetians, those padded and quilted knee-breeches which were first adopted in this country in 1572*

Books of purely technical and specialised interest may account for a few hundred; the rest are those which fall upon the stony ground of public indifference, a strange and pathetic mixture of bad books and good, written with high hopes, published with optimism, destined for oblivion.

One fact emerges and that is that the reading public is increasing. More and more people are buying books and collecting them; their interest is ever widening. The sixpenny paper-backs, of which the Penguins are the most notable example, have added enormously to their number. Paper and printing costs are rising, yet there is no diminution of output.

I will venture one prophecy. There may be a check in 1938 for an all-round rise in prices is inevitable. This will be most apparent in the new books. The 7s. 6d. novel, already declining steadily in the public favour, will appear in its accustomed guise at 8s. 6d. Biography, travel, memoirs, anything which the publishers call general books, will seldom be less than from 12s. 6d. to 1 guinea.

If the current year be any guide, the best-sellers should be unaffected, for the greatest success of the lot has been scored by Dr. A. J. Cronin's **THE CITADEL,** which, at the time of writing, is nearing the 150,000 mark at 8s. 6d. Next—they say in the bookshops—comes **THE BIBLE: DESIGNED TO BE READ AS LITERATURE,** which has been a runaway among the Christmas gift-books at half-a-guinea.

Nor has the price of 10s. 6d. prevented Miss Joan Grant's **WINGED PHARAOH** becoming an outstanding seller of the autumn, or earlier in the year, Mr. Vaughan Wilkins' **AND SO—VICTORIA,** published at 8s. 6d. Both are writers new to success on this scale, even though they have not yet achieved the phenomenal sales of that trans-atlantic tidal-wave, **GONE WITH THE WIND** (10s. 6d.), by Miss Margaret Mitchell, herself a first-rate novelist.

The novels, then, have headed the best-selling field, with scarcely a seven-and-sixpenny among them. Yet, looking back, we find that the first big stir of the year was made by Mr. Noel Coward's autobiography, **PRESENT INDICATIVE,** which the author, although used to success in other fields, must have found gratifying. Closely following came Mr. J. B. Priestley's **MIDNIGHT ON THE DESERT** (8s. 6d.), which he calls a fragment of autobiography, and in which was found a presage of the "time" theme which he has since successfully exploited in the theatre.

Of the other "big" books which have been reprinted again and again, Mr. Winston Churchill's **GREAT CONTEMPORARIES** (21s.) and Sir Ronald Storrs' **ORIENTATIONS** (21s.) are the outstanding examples, while in the last few weeks there has been a considerable run on the late Sir James Barrie's delightful reminiscences **THE GREENWOOD HAT** (8s. 6d.) as well as for those two remarkable "family" books, **PEPITA** (10s. 6d.) by Miss Sackville West, and **HELEN'S TOWER** (15s.) by Mr. Harold Nicolson.

Most in popular favour among the travel books was that by Mlle Ella Maillart, **FORBIDDEN JOURNEY** (12s. 6d.), Mr. Peter Fleming's travelling companion, thereby proving that two accounts of the same journey can be as popular as one. Miss Freya Stark, who has a large and faithful public of her own, delighted them again with a charming book of **BAGHDAD SKETCHES** (12s. 6d.).

The established writers have provided us with what looks remarkably like a vintage crop. Sir Hugh Walpole celebrated his very popular knighthood with **JOHN CORNELIUS,** which some think is his best novel since *Harmer John*. Mr. H. G. Wells returned to his old form and early story-telling vigour with **BRYNHILD,** and the Poet Laureate to the fox-hunting scene with **THE SQUARE PEG,** certainly one of the best and most lively of Mr. John Masefield's novels.

Mr. Frank Swinnerton delighted everybody not only with an original autobiography, laconically named **SWINNERTON,** but also with a fine novel in his own vein, **HARVEST COMEDY.** Mr. Francis Brett Young has written one of the most popular of a long list of successes in **THEY SEEK A COUNTRY,** and looks like following it up with a delightful work, charmingly illustrated by Miss Joan Hassall, called **PORTRAIT OF A VILLAGE.**

Close upon Mr. Brett Young's South African novel came **TURNING WHEELS** with which Mr. Stuart Cloete scored a considerable success in his moving story of the Great Trek. Early Colonial days were also the theme of Miss Helen Simpson's realistic picture of Australia in the making, **UNDER CAPRICORN.** Mr. Compton Mackenzie contributed the second instalment of his quadruple novel with **THE SOUTH WIND OF LOVE,** and Mr. Ernest Hemingway with **TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT,** his first novel since *Farewell to Arms*.

In **THE BLACK VIRGIN** we find Miss Mary Borden returning to the style with which she scored her initial success with *Jane Our Stranger*. Mr. Richard Aldington tackled the, for him, new theme of the conflict of generations in **VERY HEAVEN,** a novel which aroused a good deal of controversy in the provinces,

The historical novelists maintained an excellent standard, of which the most distinguished was **SO GREAT A MAN,** a story of Napoleon and the Hundred Days, by Mr. David Pilgrim; **AN INFAMOUS ARMY,** a tale of the Hundred Days, from Miss Georgette Heyer's lively pen; and **NO HEARTS TO BREAK** in which Miss Susan Ertz evokes the romance of the young Jerome Bonaparte with a lady of Baltimore.

I turn now to personal preferences; books which linger in the memory or books to go upon the permanent shelves for reading. Some of these have been mentioned above and the repetition of their titles will not add to their already established successes. For me the most significant, if not the most exciting, novel of the year was **THE YEARS** by Virginia Woolf. It is a book the full flavour of which cannot possibly be savoured by one reading. The same may be said of all Mrs. Woolf's novels but in the artifice of their creation, and in the dreamlike beauty of their prose, her novels stand apart from the contemporary scene.

A curious but unforgettable book was Rudyard Kipling's **SOMETHING OF MYSELF.** As autobiography it falls short of so many standards but probably not that of one who in his lifetime would not have considered the publication of personalia. Yet a more personal book it would be difficult to imagine, and it must take its place with that which is imperishable in Kipling's work.

Also among the general books I remember with what pleasure I read **DEAR YOUTH** by Barbara Wilson. Here is a picture of England, of a society that has almost vanished, and Lady Wilson writes with a graciousness and understanding which accords so much pleasure that it is assuredly a book for some quiet day in the future.

A small masterpiece (small only because it is little more than a long short story) was an American arrival **OF MICE AND MEN** by John Steinbeck. I fear that this little book failed in this country to achieve the enormous success that it had on the other side. This may be due to the fact that the public here is unaccustomed to its fiction in this size and form. One thing it reveals and that is that Mr. Steinbeck is assuredly the most interesting reputation in the making in America at present. I think I have read all his books, none of which has met with any success in England, but I venture to say that he will before long be recognised to be one of America's greatest writers of the decade.

In summing up, we find then, that numerically 1937 has been a record year. Fiction still holds the popular field, even though, as I have remarked, the 7s. 6d. novel shows a steady decline. Only in mystery fiction does the story of the classical length of 80,000–90,000 words persist. The tendency seems to be towards longer and longer novels.

The general books are fast upon the numerical trail of the novel and, of these, autobiography seems to be the prevailing fashion among all sorts and conditions of people, be they of the world of letters, of politics, of the stage, or be they waiters, butlers, or even ex-gaol-birds.

On the whole we can justifiably write down this Coronation year as a good vintage one for books.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ROUTLEDGE.—THE PASSIONATE GAME: Lessons in Chess and Love. By Gustav Schenk. Illustrated. 5s. LIVING COLOUR. By John Everard. 12s. 6d. A BREVIARY OF CHESS. By S. Tartakower. 7s. 6d. SECKER & WARBURG.—LEAVES FROM A MISSIONARY'S NOTEBOOK: The Adventures of Felix Littlejohn. By Stephen Tennant. 12s. 6d. I JOINED THE ARMY. By Frank Griffin. 6s. KING CHARLES AND THE CONSPIRATORS. By Esmé Wingfield-Stratford. Illustrated. 18s. WARD LOCK.—COME OUT TO PLAY. By Joe Walker. Illustrated by Enid S. Ash. 2s. 6d. MIRTH. By Maybank. 3s. 6d. T. WERNER LAURIE.—THE FILM GAME. By Low Warren. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. WIGHTMAN & CO.—WEEDS, WEEDS, WEEDS. By Sir Charles Vernon Boys. 1s. WITHERBY.—STABLECRAFT. By D. W. E. Brock. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. HUNTING BY EAR: The Soundbook of Fox-hunting. By Michael F. Berry and D. W. E. Brock. Illustrated by T. Ivester Lloyd. 21s. FABER & FABER.—MEN, WOMEN, AND THINGS: Memories of the Duke of Portland. Illustrated. 25s. GOLLANCZ.—LEON BLUM: Man and Statesman. By Geoffrey Fraser and Thadee Natanson. Illustrations. 10s. 6d. HAMISH HAMILTON.—THE ADVENTURES OF HAJI BABA OF ISPAHAN. By James Morier. Illustrated by C. R. Baldridge. 12s. 6d. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—HALF AN EYE: Sea Stories. By James Hanley. 8s. 6d. LONGMANS.—DICK SHEPPARD AND ST. MARTIN'S. By R. J. Northcott. 3s. 6d. METHUEN.—UNDER THE POLE STAR: The Oxford University Arctic Expedition, 1935–6. By A. R. Glen, assisted by N. A. G. Croft. Illustrated. 25s. THE AYES HAVE IT. By A. P. Herbert. 6s.

A LITERARY PRIZEWINNER ON THE CONTINENT: M. Charles Plisnier, a Belgian writer, signing copies of his book, *False Passport*, which has won him the Prix Goncourt, a much-coveted French honour

NAPOLEON and MARIE WALEWSKA

Charles Boyer and Greta Garbo In an Historical Film at the Empire Cinema

THE EMPEROR WANTS TO KNOW: Napoleon (Charles Boyer) is struck by the beauty of Countess Walewska whom he sees for the first time at a Warsaw reception and about whom he asks for information. *Right*—Count Walewski (Henry Stephenson) tells his young wife Marie (Greta Garbo) that it is essential that Napoleon shall use his might to set Poland free. It does not take her a moment to grasp what is expected of her. These two episodes occur in the opening stages of the new film at the Empire, Leicester Square, which, under the title of *Marie Walewska*, tells the story of the Polish Countess' strange liaison with the Imperial conqueror

NAPOLEON WEDS, but not his beloved Marie Walewska, taking to the altar Marie Louise, daughter of Francis, Emperor of Austria. A dramatic moment in the historical film at the Empire, Leicester Square, a review of which appears on page 562 of this Issue. Both Greta Garbo and Charles Boyer give first-class performances in the leading roles, the former, in particular, conquering the film-goer by her complete armoury of charm, intelligence, and personal magnetism

THE MECHANISED FORCE THAT RECENTLY RELIEVED SPINWAM FORT, the most northerly of the defended posts in Waziristan, pictured at its base before starting out. The officer who sent in this picture writes:—"Although some papers report that the war here is at a close and peace terms have been agreed to, there are still quite a number of 'gangs' who are 'irreconcilables' and continue to attack military convoys and commit outrages such as destroying roads, bridges, and telephone communications. With regard to Spinwam, the tribesmen attempted and were successful in cutting off this post from Mirali (the nearest station) by destroying the road and bridges, etc. The result was that rations had to be dropped from the air until a punitive force was sent out to break through. This was successful after some opposition had been encountered and the following days were spent in destroying the houses and watch towers of offenders"

ONE MAN SHOW: The Japanese sculptor Ara (*left*) in fulfilling a solemn pledge to erect the world's biggest statue, is hewing out of the solid rock of a mountain near the Abukuma River, in Fukushima prefecture, Northern Japan, this image (*right*) of Kwannon, the renowned Goddess of Mercy and one of the Boddhisatvas. Ara has so far been engaged six years on the task and much of the detail still remains to be added; he does all the work himself. The image is over 160 ft. high

THE ELECTRODROME TOWER AT WHITTIER, CALIFORNIA, discharges negative electrical currents into the atmosphere, which, it is claimed, induce condensation of atmospheric moisture into high cloud areas, so protecting citrus and other fruit from frost. By continuing this function of condensation the currents are said to dissipate a ground fog

VOLCANO BLOWS A SMOKE RING: A curious picture secured by chance by an amateur photographer who, when taking photographs on Vesuvius, watched and duly recorded a perfect ring of volcanic steam as it puffed out from the worn crater. According to local authorities, Vesuvius, on an average, blows smoke rings only once in every ten or fifteen years

PICTURES FROM "SPHERE" READERS

THE LION OF AMPHIPOLIS RESTORED

(*Continued from page 554*)

route so essential to her grain supply. Its capture by the Spartans was a severe blow to Athens, and few things show so clearly the extent to which the Athenian empire was weakened than the fact that, though restored to Athens by the Peace of Nicias, Amphipolis remained virtually independent for a long time thereafter. Athens was powerless to prevent its seizure by Philip of Macedon in 357, and from that time on the city was linked with the fortunes of the North and West.

Historically Amphipolis disappears with the coming of the Dark Ages, and may be said to have almost disappeared physically, too, at some time undetermined. Archæology has, until lately, gleaned from the site very little.

Within the last few years, however, American engineers engaged in draining the Serres and Drama plains for the Greek Government, and in deepening the Strymon channel, have dredged up from the river some portions of the ancient bridge, together with at least one important inscription, embodying the general orders to the Roman guard at that point. They also saw, and prophetically appreciated at their true value, certain stone and marble fragments half hidden in the bushes on the west bank of the stream, inevitably called by the natives of the region Marmara. Properly speaking, their observation constituted no discovery, for the fragments were already known and recorded, but their enthusiasm led directly to renewed study of the monument and to co-ordinated professional efforts toward its reconstruction which have produced astonishing results.

Happily, as the preliminary investigation proceeded, it soon became clear that enough fragments existed to allow of a complete restoration, and M. Ducoux at once set to work studying and measuring and drawing. Because the existing fragments contain all the essential parts, the outline of the whole may be taken as settled beyond a doubt. M. Ducoux's restoration provides the missing parts adapted to the requirements of what remains, and is certainly a close approximation if not an exact reproduction of the original figure. Because this figure is reminiscent of the Lion of Chaeronea, in its attitude, size, and method of construction, if not in its workmanship and rendering of nature, M. Ducoux gave it a pedestal similar to that at Chaeronea, though keeping, of course, certain proportions observed in the substructure unearthed at Amphipolis. It was thought that the pedestal, on these proportions, must have been somewhat larger than that of Chaeronea, and the Lion is certainly larger than his Boeotian counterpart. On the basis of the work done by the French School, and particularly this reconstruction of M. Ducoux, an appeal was launched for funds to carry on a work which was shown to be as possible as it was desirable. The funds asked for were assured, and now thanks to the generosity of a host of donors the Lion is restored in all its glory.

THE LION OF CHAERONEA, a counterpart of the Lion of Amphipolis

What was the monument for? Here we are hardly in a position to answer. From the design as now established and from the purpose usually served by similar sculptured lions in Greece and similar structures in Asia Minor, it may perhaps be reasonably conjectured that it was a common mausoleum of warriors fallen in some famous fight or war. If so, to what combat or conflict we should relate it we are equally unable to say. The famous victory of Brasidas over Cleon occurred in 422. That seems perhaps too early, but the memory of that victory remained green a long time, and it takes time to construct such a monument as this. There is also the possibility that our monument may have been built to replace an earlier and perhaps less pretentious structure and thus bears a later date than the events it commemorates. The fourth century produced events which might conceivably result in such a monument at Amphipolis, but only after the rise of Macedon, and we know that setting up sculptured lions to commemorate victories was a Greek and not a Macedonian custom. It would, therefore, still seem the most likely hypothesis that the Lion of Amphipolis is a memorial, though possibly a late one, to the victory of Brasidas.

THE GLORY OF THE CHRISTMAS "PRESEPIO"

(*Continued from page 558*)

"Presepio" and especially of the one in the church of Ara Coeli with its famous jewel-decked Santo Bambino, and references may be found in the travels of Lady Morgan and in many sources in Italy and elsewhere.

In Italy the "Presepio" had its greatest vogue, attained its greatest elaboration, in Genoa, Rome, and the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, although the custom was widely diffused in Tuscany and other provinces. Each region maintained or developed the "Presepio" along characteristic lines. Thus, whereas those of Rome retained a graver, more solemn, aspect, with stately architectural features and backgrounds, the Sicilian were more dramatic in presentation, and the Neapolitan blossomed into exuberant and rhetorical splendour, as though the whole world, having said "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this great sight", had started out in the most ebullient spirits, rich and splendid, full of merriment and good cheer.

In these seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Neapolitan "Presepii" the popular human element dominated. Not only did the hundreds of figures include a gorgeous Oriental company of kings with their Moorish attendants and the "Giorgiane" or Georgian princesses, graceful and exquisite as the fairy princesses in one of Gozzi's Venetian plays, who journeyed with them; and richly caparisoned horses, and pages and monkeys and leopards and elephants and all the rest of the Arabian Nights magnificence; nor did troops of shepherds and flights of operatic angels suffice. A lively inn, richly stocked shops, and a throng of innkeepers, servants, shopkeepers, pedlars, merchants, travellers, country-folk, were all crowded upon the scene, until it came to be, as an Italian writer remarks, "A page of the Gospel translated into Neapolitan dialect."

Dorothy Nevile Lees

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

H.M. the King has sent a special donation to the above Society. Will readers of THE SPHERE follow this Royal example by sending donations to help the great work of caring for 1,200 poor boys and girls. These children are maintained and trained to take part in the battle of life. The boys in the Training Ship *Arethusa* are trained for a life at sea. The boys in the Homes are trained for definite trades and will always be employable, while the girls are prepared for domestic service. Please send a donation to help this National work. Your gift will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

This England . . .

Painswick Beacon on the Stroud—Glos.

THE seeming accident of hedge and bank, of lonely tree or sudden copse, does much for the careless beauty of our English landscape. Yet 'tis by no accident that they are there ; they are reservoirs of water for our rich earth. But, quotha, surely we have enough day by day in this rain-swept isle ? Too much, indeed, and for that it must be held, else would it lift the tilled soil into streams and rivers, making flood, disaster and loss. Like many good things in the English life, they are so familiar that their essential service is unheeded. No sudden invention this—it "came about" in the course of centuries (like your Worthington, another daily servitor of your good).

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MONTE CARLO CALENDAR

WINTER SEASON 1937-38

SOCIAL EVENTS: INTERNATIONAL SPORTING CLUB — Christmas Gala, *December 24;* New Year's Gala, *December 31;* International Bridge Tournament, *January 17-30.* Monaco National Fête, *January 17.*

SPORT: Monte Carlo Country Club (Tennis) — Club Championships, *January 24–30;* INTERNATIONAL TOURNAMENT (Butler Trophy and Beaumont Cup), *February 28 — March 6;* Easter Tournament, *April 18–24.* Monte Carlo Golf Club — Windsor Challenge Cup, *February 12;* Sporting Club Cup, *February 19;* Bystander Mixed Foursomes, *March 17.* MONTE CARLO MOTOR RALLY, *January 29.* Sailing Regattas, *March 31— April 3.* Outboard Meeting, *April 21-24.*

MUSIC: Concerts–SCHNABEL, *December 24;* Erich Kleiber (conductor), *December 29;* CORTOT (classical), *January 5;* CORTOT (Chopin), *January 7;* Gala with SERGE LIFAR, *January 14.* Opera—Season opens with WAGNER'S "RING," in German, by Bayreuth Opera Company, under Franz von Hoesslin, *January 22;* "Tristan and Isolde," *January 29;* Creation "Andersen's Tales," (Grieg Music) *February 27.*

THEATRE: Comedy and Operetta Season, *December 18 — January 24;* (Beaux-Arts) Comédie Française—official performances *during February;* Ballet Season, *April 2-28* (with two entirely new Massine Ballets).

There are no better Hotels in the world than the HOTEL DE PARIS and the HOTEL HERMITAGE at Monte Carlo—and their prices are not at all exorbitant. There are other good Hotels there — both large and small — full particulars of which can be obtained from Messrs. Thos. Cook and Son, Limited, and all Travel Agencies.

APHRODITE'S ISLAND

Cyprus, Rich in Antiquities and Glorious Scenery, Welcomes the English Visitor To Her Shores

THE romantic will consider the fable which designates Cyprus as the birth-place of Venus a sufficient excuse for visiting the island. Others, less mythologically inclined or suspicious of a story which may well have grown up in the courts of the temple at Paphos, will require a more substantial historical background. Such can be boring; but in the case of Cyprus—so diverse is her history—it is an essential if you are to gain the fullest enjoyment from your stay on the island.

Of early history, the connections with Assyria and Persia, the period of servitude under Ptolemaic Egypt, it is unnecessary to make other than cursory mention. Let it suffice, too, to say that Cyprus became a province of Rome and was in the year 1189 ruled by a usurping prince of the royal house of the Eastern Empire, Isaac Comnenus. There followed his defeat by Richard Cœur de Lion on his way to the Third Crusade, the sale for the equivalent of half a million sterling to the Knights Templar, and the establishment on the throne of Guy de Lusignan who had lost his kingdom of Jerusalem at the disastrous battle of Hittim. The golden age of Cypriot history had begun.

AN ANCIENT STRONGHOLD OF THE NORTH CYPRUS COAST: The harbour fortifications at Kyrenia, a town that lies amid surroundings of great natural beauty, and in the neighbourhood of which are ancient monuments testifying to the island's historied past. Many foreign visitors stay there in preference to Nicosia

THE LION OF ST. MARK, symbol of Venetian rule, still surmounts the sea gate of the citadel at Famagusta on the eastern shores of Cyprus. This is reputed to have been the setting of the great Othello tragedy

From 1192 to 1489 the de Lusignan dynasty reigned in brilliance. In this era rose the lovely Abbey of Bellapaise, the cathedrals of Nicosia and Famagusta, the castles of St. Hilarion, Buffavento, and Kantara. Literature was enriched by the pens of Philip de Novare, Guillaume de Machaut, and Philippe de Mezières; and, in the person of Peter the First at the head of his Order of the Sword the world was given the ideal of the Knight Errant.

With her savants, builders, lawyers, and knights, rich Cyprus was the envy of Europe and the most highly developed civilised State outside Constantinople in medieval times. Then came the quarrel with the Venetians, domination by that great republic, and gradual decay until the conquest of the island by Selim the Sot (attended by brutal massacres and including the flaying of the still living Marco Antonio Bragadino, the gallant Captain of Cyprus, and the sending of his stuffed skin to Constantinople) in the year 1571. From then until 1878, when Great Britain took control, the history of Cyprus was one of oppression and misrule.

Gone are the glittering cavalcades when the nobles of Cyprus rode out to hunt the moufflon with cheetahs, gone the orgiastic ceremonies which the Greek world flocked to attend at Paphos.

There died at the end of the last century, in Lower Edmonton, Miss Eliza de Lusignan sometime a governess in Ceylon. She was perhaps, the heiress and last survivor of that ancient house, Guardians of the Holy Sepulchre, Kings of Jerusalem, Cyprus, and Armenia, Sovereigns of the Order of the Sword. But much of the buildings of ancient and medieval Cyprus, together with Venetian fortresses and houses remain. Above all, the mountain groves where Venus once danced with her nymphs, the flowery pastures, and the sunny coves of the coast are unchanged.

This lovely island, rich in antiquity and glorious scenery, welcomes the English visitor. Long neglected, it is a delightful place at all seasons whether in the bracing sunlit days of winter, in spring when the brown land is transformed into a paradise of flowers, or in summer and autumn when the mountains or the sea offer relief from the baking heat of the plains. Living is cheap. Hotels are yearly improving. And the island is reached within five days of England from Marseilles, Trieste, or the Piræus, and travellers from the East or Egypt may sail direct from Port Said. We now pass in review some of the places of interest in the island.

Let us imagine that you have travelled direct from your port of entry to the capital, Nicosia. Here a good deal remains of the medieval town. The cathedral, converted by the Turks into a mosque, and by them grotesquely adorned with minarets, will remind you strangely of that of Rheims. You will be correct because its inception was in part due to St. Louis, who stayed in Cyprus while fitting out his ill-fated expedition to the Delta of the Nile.

The Galilee porch is magnificent—a fit portal to receive the kings of Cyprus when they came here to receive that empty bauble, the crown of Jerusalem. Elsewhere in Nicosia there are many other churches testifying to the town's old importance. The Venetian ramparts and surviving gates are fine, and you may still wander in the bazaars, which are a relic of Italian rule, and make your pick of the silks and textiles for which Cyprus has been famous since the Middle Ages.

Sixteen miles from the capital, Kyrenia, a small town built round a tremendous castle, lies in surroundings of great beauty between the mountains and the sea. It retains a strong Italian atmosphere and, with its amenities of bathing and opportunities of expeditions into the neighbouring countryside, it is an ideal place in which to stay. Nearby are the ruins of the finest monument of medieval art in Cyprus, the Abbey of Bellapaise. The remains of the cloister, the chapter-house with its central pillar and the refectory set in its wonderful position on the edge of a cliff between blue sky and bluer sea are intensely satisfying. Beyond Bellapaise is an ancient Byzantine domical church whose ghostly frescoes and sumptuous iconostasis in tarnished gold and blue are in strong contrast to the Gothic abbey.

Near Kyrenia, too, stands Hilarion, most romantic of castles. The climb up is a long one but the inside of the fortress and the glorious views through its embrasured windows are well worth the effort. Another castle within reach of Kyrenia is Buffavento a visit to which also entails a stiff climb since cars cannot proceed beyond the Monastery of St. Chrysostom, itself an interesting building. The tiny fortress on its peak of rock is the worthy goal of an excursion.

Along the coast from Kyrenia lies Lapithos, a large straggling village in very beautiful surroundings. Here are several interesting churches and the ancient monastery of Acheiropietos, which means "built without hands". The story goes that the building was brought miraculously from Asia Minor where with its precious relic, the Holy Shroud (since carried off by a Savoyard princess to Turin cathedral, where it still remains) it was in danger of desecration by the heathen. Of many periods the present structure is of great importance.

On the eastern side of the island lies Famagusta where, after the capture of Acre by Saladin a second "Emporium of the East" was founded under the benevolent Henry II. Once one of the world's most prosperous towns, Famagusta deteriorated under the rule of the Genoese; but its superb cathedral, St. Sophia (a popular saint in the Levant) and many ruined churches show how important it once was. The Venetian ramparts here again are impressive. The lion of St. Mark still surmounts the sea gate and the citadel is the reputed scene of the story of Othello.

Near Famagusta is the site of Salamis, the most ancient city known to have existed on the island, where in over a square mile of ruins many treasures doubtless await the archæologist. Though digging is still in its initial stages there are three Roman forums to be seen.

In this sketch of the attractions of Cyprus—such is the absorbing interest of the island—it is of necessity only possible to mention a few among many of its interesting points. Every intending visitor therefore should read two books. The *Handbook of Cyprus* by Sir Ronald Storrs, lately Governor, and B. J. O'Brien is full of general information. *Historic Cyprus* by Rupert Gunnis is a matchless guide to the antiquities of the colony. And so, with this last of the series of articles on this page from my pen, I make my bow to my patient readers.

Hugonaut

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

IN OLD NICOSIA: A market scene in the capital of Cyprus which still retains not a little of its picturesque medieval aspect and atmosphere

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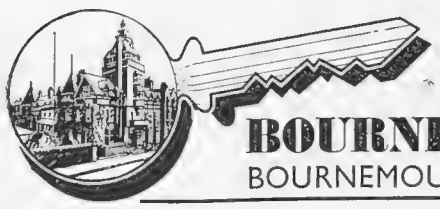

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In Quest of

Dorset, a County of Good Better Known by Trave

DORSET is a county surprisingly little known to the tourist. Yet it amply repays a visit—even at this time of year. For in this tiny county are more changes of scenery, and incidentally of climate, than in most counties of twice its size. Moreover Dorset is full of the best sort of country hotels which are as yet largely undiscovered by the public.

Let me take you with me on a journey which I had to make last week from Salisbury to Lyme Regis and then from Lyme to Weymouth. I didn't leave Salisbury until late in the day, so I did what I am always advising others to do—I made for Shaftesbury and there stopped the night. For Shaftesbury, in addition to being the finest centre for touring that part of the country, boasts in Coombe House a really good hotel. Next morning after an excellent night's sleep in a comfortable bed and a real Dorset breakfast (those who have tasted Dorset hospitality will know what I mean), I got out my car and after reaching the centre of the town, free-wheeled the first 2 miles with the engine switched off. A useful point this for those whose cars are sluggards in the early morning!

Leaving Shaftesbury towering on its pinnacle behind me, I turned towards Blandford. The quickest way, I know, is through Sherborne, Yeovil, and Crewkerne ; but half the art of travelling is not always to be bound by considerations of speed. The road from Shaftesbury to Blandford is well worth the detour, and the country round is in some ways at its best at this time of year, when leaves no longer obscure the view. It will be too early for lunch when you get to Blandford but, if you feel disposed to linger, remember that the Crown Hotel is waiting to welcome you.

However, on this occasion I decided not to stop, but to see as much of the country as I could before the sun set. So from Blandford I took the delightful road which runs through Milton Abbas, Chesilbourne, and Cerne Abbas to Beaminster. A little icy at this time of year, but nothing to worry the careful driver and well worth while for the scenery. From Beaminster you enter on one of the grandest pieces of country in the whole of England—the Vale of Marshwood and the hills which surround it.

Take the Broadwindsor road and keep right on through Broadwindsor until you get to a signpost on the left pointing to Axminster. Here you turn, leaving Pilsdon Pen—in summer a paradise for riders and now used for

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Good Hotels

ASHLEY COURTENAY

Hotels Deserving of Being ers and Holidaymakers

tobogganing — behind you and drive along the western edge of Marshwood Vale until you get to Hunter's Lodge a few miles from Axminster. Here you will do well to stop if you feel the need of food or drink. They gave me an excellent high tea and I finished my journey into Lyme in a very contented frame of mind.

Lyme itself is a really wonderful place. The sun seems to shine there all the year round. On this occasion I arrived there latish on a mid-December afternoon and it might have been June. The N.E. wind which had followed me all the way from Shaftesbury completely vanished. And the setting sun reflected in the famous harbour almost tempted me to bathe. There are several good hotels in Lyme and unlike many seaside hotels they do not cater only for a big seasonal business. The Alexandra for instance, and the Royal Lion are both good, all-the-year-round hotels which manage to be thoroughly up to date in equipment, while preserving the amenities of quietness and simplicity. Lyme is indeed a haven of refuge in winter time, and very much cheaper than the South of France.

However, it is now nearly 5 p.m. and I am dining in Weymouth, so there is no time to be lost. I left Lyme, taking the road eastwards through Charmouth and Bridport. But once again I had to stop, late as it was, at Askers, between Bridport and Dorchester on the main road. Askers is a Road House, but it deserves a more honorific title. For with its magnificent view, far away along the Chesil Beach in one direction and all round Lyme Bay in the other, coupled with the most comfortable of modern buildings it is surely one of the show places on the South Coast.

And so on, past the Swannery at Abbotsford, past the superb panorama of Maiden Castle, through Dorchester—with a pang of regret that the time prevented my calling in to see my good friends Mr. and Mrs. Galloway at the Antelope—to Weymouth where I ended a most varied and delightful day's journey with the knowledge that at the Gloucester Hotel I should find a dinner and a bed worthy of its extremely high reputation.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3223.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Bournemouth.—Southcliffe Hotel. Tel. 7140.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Htl. Tel. 3574/5.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Cornwall.—Rock Hotel for St. Enodoc Golf.
Coverack, Sth. Cornwall.—The Headland Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel. Tel. 132.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
Eggesford (N. Devon).—Fox and Hounds Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon, nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Folkestone.—Hotel Wampach. Tel. 3129.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Grange-over-Sands.—Netherwood Hotel.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Haslemere(Sy).—Whitwell Hatch Hotel. Tel.596
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
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Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14
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Malvern.—County Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Market Harborough.—Three Swans Inn.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Middleton-on-Sea, Susx.—Southdean-on-Sea Htl.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Richmond (Surrey).—Richmond Hill Hotel.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Hotel Majestic.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand.
Shrewsbury.—Mytton & Mermaid Htl., Atcham.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
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Southport.—Royal Hotel.
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Boroughbridge, York (206).—Hotel Cottages.

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Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Wild Boar Htl. Crook. AA.R.A.C.

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Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.

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Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Hotel Constance, 23-24, Lancaster Gate, W.2.
Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square. SLO. 9191.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Bridge of Allan.—Allan Water and Spa Hotel.
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Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel. Tel. 890.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.

WALES

Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Hotel Metropole. Tel. 32.
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
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CHANNEL ISLANDS

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THE BIG REFERENCE BOOKS OF 1938 RECORD MOMENTOUS CHANGES

Two Accessions, An Abdication, and a Coronation In Seventeen Months, and Their Effect on the Order of Precedence

IN the seventeen months from January, 1936, to May, 1937, there were two accessions, an abdication, and a Coronation, the last-named accompanied by the bestowal of a large number of honours, so that it is easy to understand what a task the editors of the great reference books have had in the preparation of the last two editions. This year's Burke's, Whitaker's, and kindred works record a host of changes.

"Burke's": Among the alterations affecting precedence in the Royal family *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage* (published by the Burke Publishing Co., 6 Carmelite St., London, E.C.4) points out that, while the Duke of Windsor now takes precedence as a member of the Royal family, the Duchess of Windsor ranks as the last or 29th Duchess in order of creation.

In 1937 seven peerages became extinct. Six—those of Viscount Snowden, Lord Kylsant, Lord Ernle, Lord Glenravel, Lord Islington, and Lord Rutherford—were new creations, and so these peers were the first and last holders of their titles.

It is also recorded that certain junior members of the Royal Family within a generation or two will have no titles, but, under the present rules relating to Royal titles, will be called Mr. or Miss Windsor.

This fact has emerged from a study of King George V's ruling in 1917 on Royal titles which confined the title "Royal Highness" thenceforth to children and grandchildren of the Sovereign. The Duke of Kent's son, Prince Edward, will succeed eventually to his father's Dukedom and his sons in turn will bear the ordinary designations of the sons of a Duke. But if the Duke of Kent should have a second son who in turn has children, these great-grandchildren of King George V will be Mr. or Miss Windsor.

"Whitaker's": The seventieth annual volume of this famous almanack is also of particular interest in that it records the abdication of King Edward VIII and the Accession and Coronation of King George VI. The Constitutional questions involved in these events are related in the Parliamentary Summary, the ceremonial incidents being included under Events of the Year. The large type Index, introduced last year, has been further extended and now occupies 85 pages, containing upwards of 30,000 references.

"Whitaker" for 1938 is published in three editions: Library Edition, with leather binding and thirteen coloured maps, at 12s. 6d.; Complete Edition, red and green cloth cover, at 6s., and Abridged Edition, in orange paper cover, at 3s.

THE BIG FIVE: Indispensable reference words—*The Royal Blue Book, Whitaker's, Kelly's Handbook, Who's Who,* and *Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, and Knightage*

"Kelly's": In 1875 a book called *The Upper Ten Thousand* was published, the sub-title being "a biographical Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes of the Kingdom, with their addresses." This book was a modest volume of some 500 pages about the size of a modern novel, and contained some 8,000 biographies. In 1878 the name was changed to *Kelly's Handbook of the Upper Ten Thousand*, and by this time it had started to grow, having increased to 663 pages. Two years later in 1880 the name was again changed to *Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed and Official Classes*, by which name it has been known until this year. Under this title it grew in length, breadth, and thickness, till its 30,000 biographies filled more than 1950 pages.

The 1938 edition of the book still retains the now-famous designation, *Kelly's Handbook*, but it has relinquished the description, *Kellys' Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes*, in favour of *Kelly's Handbook of Distinguished People*, and is larger than ever with 1,972 pages. Opinions may vary as to what constitutes a distinguished person, but the Editor of *Kelly's Handbook* has to attach definite limits to its meaning, and these are stated in the preface of the book.

"Kelly's Royal Blue Book, Court, and Parliamentary Guide" for 1938 has just been published, price 7s. 6d. As is well known, this book which has been issued for over 100 years, gives the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of the occupiers of the better-class private houses in the Western districts of London. The area covered may roughly be taken as that bounded by:—Hampstead on the north; the Chelsea reaches of the Thames on the south; Bloomsbury on the east and West Kensington on the west. The names and addresses are arranged:—(1) according to streets; (2) in one alphabetical list of names, with addresses and telephone numbers. The book contains a classified Trades Section, especially useful to the West End shopper, and a full Parliamentary Directory.

"Who's Who" is the only compendium of notables, inclusion in which is based on merit alone, and the names of 99·9 per cent. of British people who have achieved distinction in business or public life appear between the familiar red covers. The condensed biographies make extraordinarily interesting reading, and what is more, every fact given can be relied upon as being accurate. Needless to say it is false economy to use old editions, as from year to year such a host of changes take place. The volume, contains over 40,000 entries.

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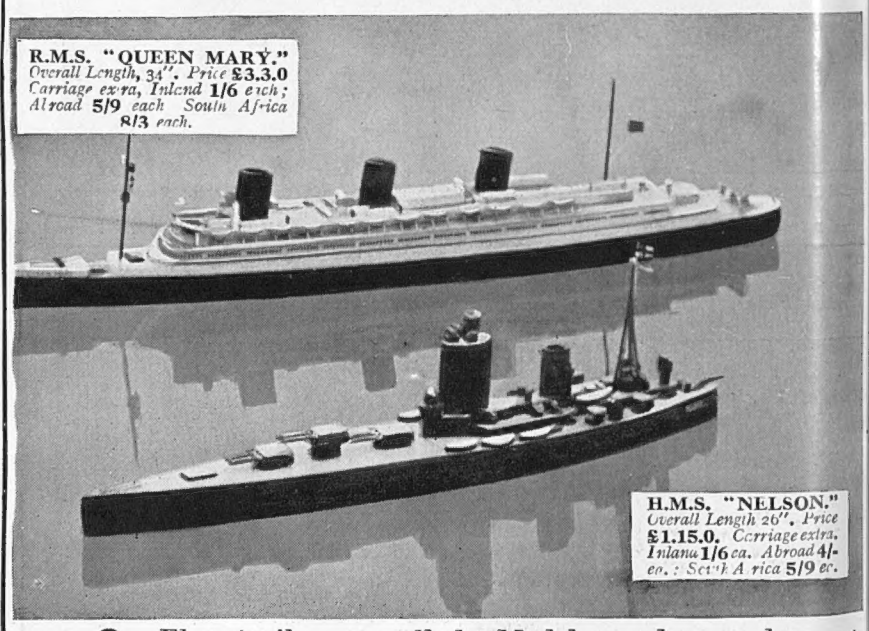

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